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22	1 17 0	1 13 8	60	6 6 0	5 2 6
25	2 0 3	1 16 2	65	7 4 0	6 9 6
28	2 3 5	1 19 9	70	8 11 6	7 10 8
31	2 6 6	2 2 10	75	10 0 4	9 7 6
34	2 10 0	2 2 6	80	11 16 2	11 2 6
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1841.

REVIEWS

Italy: General Views of its History and Literature in reference to its present State. By L. Mariotti. 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

THIS very rapid and summary *resumé* of the fortunes of Italy, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present moment, has been written for the double purpose of defending the Italians abroad from the imputations too hastily cast upon them by foreigners, and to rouse their countrymen at home to more appropriate efforts at national regeneration, than those which they have so recently and so unhappily made. The purpose is good; and it may be admitted as an available excuse for critical forbearance, even should the reasoning occasionally prove not altogether accurate or satisfactory. Taken as a whole, it is a work of industry and labour, presenting, in a condensed form, just that sort of bird's-eye view of the subject, that will revive the recollections of the scholar, and seduce the tyro into a longer course of reading. Considered as the work of a foreigner, the command of the English language it exhibits is truly astonishing: though it necessarily must occasionally betray stiffnesses, and naked translations of Italian idiom. These, however, seldom reach to that positive obscurity, which calls for a reconsideration of the sentence on the part of the reader: and if a foreign idiom is sometimes thought an agreeable defect in the speaker, it may likewise be not without its pleasant side when exhibited in print. Certain it is that very few of the best educated Englishmen would be able to express themselves with a like facility in any of the continental languages; to criticise it, therefore, with asperity would be illiberal and unjust.

The scope of defence adopted to exculpate the Italian population from the charges of degeneracy, slavishness, &c., lies in a delineation of the successive circumstances which, in a long series of ages, have arisen to impress and modify their moral being. There are two ways in which history, may be regarded, each possessing a certain portion of one-sided truth. In ordinary history, the actors are considered as the causes of events determining their march by the personal, moral, and intellectual peculiarities brought to bear on each specific contingency. The more philosophical writers of our own day are disposed to believe that the course of events is principally determined by causes over which man has little control. There is just sufficient truth in each theory, to redeem the work from the charge of illogical inconsistency. This, however, is a theme too vast for our columns; and instead of pursuing it, we prefer making our author known to our readers through such detached extracts as are best suited to English taste and information.

In the substitution of hired bands of soldiers, for the old feudal gatherings of the national strength, Italy took the lead, and the history of this revolution is rapidly sketched by Sig. Mariotti:—

"When the disorders of tumultuous democracy paved the way for the rise of domestic despotism,—when every town, especially of Lombardy, had fallen a victim to the valour or to the cunning and perfidy of a daring chieftain, the enthralled population were either easily induced by weariness and despondency, or forcibly compelled, to lay down their arms. The defence of the state was trusted to the care of him who had alone an interest in its preservation, and the Italians were trained up to that school of absolute passiveness which alone can befit a generation of slaves. The earliest tyrants upon whom the protection of the states they had unlawfully seized upon, thus naturally devolved, were indeed generally equal to their task. Whatever might be the vices and

crimes with which their memory is contaminated, the military talents of such men as Mastino, and Cane della Scala, of Matteo and Bernabò Visconti, of Francesco da Carrara and Castruccio Castracani, cannot be called in question. * * But the leaders were almost the only Italians that fought in their armies. The warriors they led into the field were not natives of the country in whose defence, or for whose possession they were made to lavish their blood. Their ranks were filled up by those swarms of northern mercenaries whom want of fame, or curiosity, or not unfrequently hunger and poverty, led into Italy in quest of adventure. * * The terror struck among the inhabitants of Italy by the fierce aspect and habits, and by the bloody executions of those ferocious Northerners, had no little effect to deter them from those marsh pursuits for which their comparative mildness and civility seemed to unfit them. The progress of trade and agriculture, and the wealth attendant upon their cultivators, invited the laborious Tuscans and Lombards to more peaceful avocations; and war, which had hitherto been the freeman's duty, became the soldier's trade, and was given up to those French and German cutthroats, who seemed to be born for no other more honest or humane calling. But the Italian princes, as well as their subjects, had soon occasion to repent the haste with which they had laid down their sword, and abandoned themselves to the mercy of lawless robbers. For a few years the whole unarmed country became a prey to their ravaging fury. After having offered their services to the highest bidder, and fought for any state that could afford to hire them and their horses, finding themselves at large after the restoration of peace, they carried on the war on their own account, and declared themselves the enemies of all the world."

Our historian has no sympathy with the Hawkwoods and others who have of late figured in our romantic literature: he considers them all as mere freebooters, distinguished only for their animal courage and animal power:—

"As soon as they perceived how the mercenary swords of their foreign auxiliaries could be turned against their bosoms, the Lombard princes, made aware of their providence, called their subjects to arms; Florence mustered her bands of undisciplined and yet undaunted burghers; all Italy arose sword in hand, and for another century she ruled uncontrolled over the battle-field. From the day in which the appeal of Petrarch had power to induce the Italians to free their country from those bands of foreign marauders, a company of Italian men-at-arms was formed by the order of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, commanded by Alberigo di Barbiano, in 1378, which, under the name of Company of St. George, soon proved formidable to the French and German leaders, under whom Alberigo himself and the greatest part of his followers had made their apprenticeship. The school of Barbiano gave Italy that long succession of celebrated condottieri, who, down to the descent of Charles VIII., raised the art of war to its highest standard, and gave the Italians a wide ascendancy over their foreign competitors. Towards the beginning of the fifteenth century, Braccio da Montone and Sforza Attendolo, the inventors of different systems of military tactics, enrolled in their ranks the most generous Italian youths, and the *Bracceschi* and *Sforzeschi* schools constituted two emulous military factions, and disputed against each other the palm of superior valour and skill in a hundred encounters. By falling into the hands of the Italians, the art of war seemed to have laid aside, in a great measure, its horrors, and participated of the gentleness and refinement for which a more advanced civilization gave that nation, in the Middle Ages, so great a superiority over their ultra-montane neighbours. The perfection to which the Milanese armours had brought their manufacture of defensive weapons, had gone far to secure the absolute invulnerableness of man and horse. Valour, directed by foresight and intelligence, gave rise to that complicated order of manœuvres and stratagems which the ancients so well knew how to turn to advantage, but which was looked upon with contempt by the headlong impetuosity of feudal chivalry. The Italians first taught how the greatest results could be obtained with the least possible effusion of blood. These gallant ad-

venturers, mostly issuing from the same school, generally enlisted in a cause to which they were perfect strangers, substituted love of fame and generous emulation for the thirst of prey, or for the rabid inveteracy of party spirit. Feelings of chivalrous courtesy and forbearance, indivisible from genuine bravery, soon prevailed among men who were actuated by no personal rancour. The maxim, 'Uomo in terra non fa più guerra,' (never strike on a fallen foe,) is characteristically national."

At this time, indeed, if we may believe Machiavelli, many a battle field was little more than a tournament—a display of arms and courtesies:—

"Before those companies of Italian militia were driven by foreigners from the field which they occupied during the whole course of the fifteenth century, they had been one of the most efficient instruments to undermine the spirit of Italian nationality. The difficulty of training men and horses to the complicated manœuvres of the heavy-armed cavalry, widened the distance between soldiers and citizens. Those were Italians, but by no means national troops. They owed their origin and their support to a tyrant, and found their interest in ministering to his ambition. As is but too often the case, even in more enlightened ages, the soldiers hated and despised the people from which they were chosen; they were apt to consider the public property as their own appanage; they trod upon their native land as on the prize of conquest; they laid the country which they had sworn to protect, under a summary execution, whenever their employers were either slow or reluctant to fulfil their engagements. On their part, they were not always scrupulous in maintaining their promises; they evinced a very indifferent fidelity to their employer, and oftentimes divided his states between them. Jacopo del Verme, Facino Cane, Pandolfo Malatesta, Ottobono Terzo, and other captains of adventure, to whose guardianship Gian Galeazzo Visconti had committed the minority of his two sons, Gian Maria and Filippo Maria, took advantage of the disorder and anarchy into which the state had fallen, and seized upon the cities of that large duchy, to the spoliation of its legitimate heirs. Forty-four years later, Francesco Sforza, son of Sforza Attendolo, —of an adventurous leader, who, by changing his woodman's hatchet into a trooper's battle-axe, had raised himself to the rank of the greatest condottieri, —obtained the hand of Bianca, the illegitimate daughter of Filippo Maria, the last Visconti, and was by him raised to the sovereignty of Cremona."

We shall now give a specimen of the author's efforts to defend his countrymen from the imputations of which they have so long been the victims: and it must be admitted that there is as much truth as eloquence in the passage:—

"The downfall of Italy was embittered by the virulent accusations of her foreign dominators, who loudly proclaimed that that nation only met with the fate that its cowardice and perfidy fully deserved.—Woe to the conquered!—The subjugation of a country, whose different states never, but on one fortuitous occasion, fought under the same banner, accomplished by the combined attacks of three colossal powers, was attributed to the unwarlike and pusillanimous disposition of its inhabitants. In vain did the last remains of Italian militia lavishly bleed at Agnadello, at Padua, at Ravenna, and on the Garigliano. In vain did Hector Fieramosca and his twelve followers chastise the taunting arrogance of an equal number of French men-at-arms in the private encounter at Barletta. The ugly stain of cowardice was indelibly inflicted on the Italian name, nor ever since that day has it ceased to brand our national character. The arts of cunning and perfidy, and the double dealings and falsehoods with which foreigners so bitterly reproached the Italian princes in the fifteenth century, might, perhaps, have been excusable on the part of weak and defenceless governments brought all at once into an unequal contest with widely superior forces. But when we see the lion stooping to the wiles of the fox; when we see Spain and France coolly parting between them the states of their confiding Neapolitan ally; and again France and Germany conspiring to the extinction of inoffensive Venice; and the honest Swiss, not only basely deserting, but even delivering,

the fugitive Ludovic the Moor into the hands of relentless foes; and the French aiding the Pisans to shake off their yoke, only to sell them back again to the Florentines whenever it suited their interests:—when we read of so many treaties and alliances shamelessly broken, of so many flagrant deflections, complots, and treacheries, we must confess that French, Germans, and Spaniards were but too soon initiated in that crooked policy of which they so loudly complained, whilst they could not even allege a state of weakness and helplessness as an extenuation of their duplicity. But perfidy and duplicity remained among the characteristic traits of the Italian nature; and foreigners, in general, make it a duty to look upon every person they meet, on their way through our country, as a professor of the unprincipled doctrines of Cesar Borgia or Machiavello. The deeds of sanguinary execution by which the conquest of Italy was accomplished or secured, were utterly new and unexampled in the annals of the country, even among the darkest records of the barbaric invasions. The French, never shrinking from any open violation of the rights of nations, surprised and stormed Capua, while a parley was going on, butchered seven thousand unarmed citizens in the streets, and committed every brutal outrage on their defenceless wives and daughters. Louis XII., after granting an honourable capitulation to Genoa, sent the doge and the principal citizens to the scaffold, thus punishing their heroic devotion to the cause of their country. The same monarch, irritated by the delay occasioned by the manly resistance of the towns of Peschiera and Caravaggio, hung their commanders on the battlements of their citadels, and put to the sword their surrendering garrisons. A French officer beset with fire the mouth of a cavern, wherein the women and children of Vicenza had taken refuge, during the wars of the League of Cambray, and nearly six thousand of these innocent victims perished among the cruel agonies of suffocation. * * The morals of the country were shocked by the constant perpetration of such nefarious outrages. The hunted-down population had scarcely any resource left but the dagger and poison. Yet even the arts of assassination and treason were brought into Italy, or, at least, carried into perfection, by foreigners, if at least we are to believe that Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI., was a Spaniard, and the Constable of Bourbon a Frenchman. But no nation has ever been impeached with more wanton cruelty and bloody-mindedness than the Italians. The poniard is said to be essentially a national weapon, from their proudest noble to the bandit of the Apennines; and ever since the death of the Dauphin of Francis I., not a poisoned cup has been administered without an Italian being in some manner or other suspected to be privy to the deed. The free and easy manners of republican Italy were superseded by the gorgeous style, and the gross adulation of foreign courtiers. The very language of Dante was diluted into the empty phrases of a pompous grandiloquence; and the awkward mode of addressing the third person was imported from Spain, and naturalized into the Italian *lei*, a mode of speech, till the sixteenth century, unknown in Italy. Still, the Italians are pretended to be the inventors of every kind of servility of language; and their cringing, coaxing, fawning manners are a theme of the constant reproach of their European brothers, who think they have reason to argue from it the unfairness and meanness, the emasculation and degeneracy of their national character.—Woe to the conquered!—The lustre of their Italian name faded with the loss of its independent existence. The vices and crimes, which were either engrafted on them by their foreign invaders, or were only the consequence of oppression and vassalage, were laid to the charge of the fallen race, and became their characteristic distinction."

The origin and character of the brigands, which make the staple of modern travelling adventure, are thus briefly sketched:—

"But the Spanish government, like all other despotisms, was no less improvident in protecting its Italian subjects from foreign aggression, than it was unable to secure for them the enjoyment of social order. Whilst the galleons of the 'Invincible Armada' were routed in the Scheldt or the Channel, the roving pirates of the neighbouring ports of Barbary spread terror and desolation all along our coasts.

The bagnios of Algiers and Tunis were crowded with thousands of Italian captives. The terrified labourer was startled from his sleep by the glare of his burning cottage; the shores of Calabria and Sicily were turned into a swampy desert by nearly a century of unremitting warfare. Meanwhile, swarms of deserters and bandits, the outcasts of a society that afforded the weak no protection, the wronged no redress,—wreaked their vengeance on such of its members as fell defenceless into their hands. The Italian brigands, joined in formidable bands of hundreds and thousands; headed sometimes by the young scions of a bankrupt nobility; less feared than admired and favoured by the poor inhabitants of the mountainous districts to whom they proved offensive neighbours; secure in their numbers, in their strongholds, in their reckless, desperate bravery, were, for nearly two centuries, the terror of the Roman and Neapolitan governments, against which their wars were principally waged."

It was by the aid of these outlaws and a Turkish fleet, that Campanella and the Calabrian priest endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to rid themselves of the Spanish yoke:—

"Humbled and crushed by the rigorous measures of the combative pope, Sixtus V., from 1585 to 1590, the Italian bandits returned to the charge with redoubled forces under his pusillanimous successors. The wide waste that lies between Rome and Naples continued to be the theatre of their inroads, until their final extermination by the lieutenants of Napoleon. There are now no more Italian bandits. The love of the marvellous so common among foreign tourists, may still, perhaps, dignify a gang of paltry beggars or sneaking foot-pads into a legion of high-bred brigands. But the few robbers which are now occasionally to be met with on the Italian highways, are no more to be compared to the spirited Knights of St. Nicholas, who once ranged themselves under the standard of Alphonso Piccolomini or Marco Sciarra, than the jackal of the marshes to the wolf of the Apennines. The race of the Italian bandits is extinct. The few remnants of those bold and generous freebooters that had escaped the ravages of their French destroyers, either fell into the snares of papal perfidy, and were summarily immolated, or were gradually tamed and subdued by the long continuance of peace. The population of the Apennines, thinned by war, penury, and emigration, seemed to share in that state of languor and apathy that characterizes the lowest classes all over the country. They are still at war with their governments; they still consider contraband and brigandage as a lawful means of reprisals against duties and taxes, about the imposition of which they were never consulted; they pride themselves in their evasion, or even open violation of vexatious laws, which no social compact ever sanctioned; they consider themselves entitled to protest and rebel against a government which they were never called to acknowledge; and when sufficiently strong, they avail themselves of their right to declare war against it, against its abettors and dependents, against all that rely on its protection. But they seldom act in accordance with these rather wide notions of right and wrong. The governments of the present day are careful not to urge them to the last extremities. The yoke is never made to weigh hard upon them. The Apennines are still the abode of a wild independence; and the veteran of the highway has hung his blunderbuss over the mantel-piece, and rests, like an old campaigner, under the shade of his laurels, astonishing and edifying the rising generation by the recital of his former exploits. Were it otherwise,—were the armed bands of the Apennines once more to pour down on the plain, the sympathies of the uneducated classes would be still in their favour. The subjects of absolute governments view such deeds of violence under a different aspect. Their hatred against their rulers admits of no discrimination. Whoever dares to throw his gauntlet to the established authorities, be it even the smuggler of the mountains, or the bandit of the woods, is sure to be their natural friend. Whoever breaks through the trammels of their odious laws, is with them a hero; if he is hung in the attempt, a martyr."

We are obliged here to leave this work, though it might have afforded us a text for a few words

on the arts and literature of Italy. In parting we may remark, that throughout M. Mariotti's pages will be found frequent traces of that tendency to mysticism and muddy metaphysics, in which both La Jeune France and La Giovane Italia alike luxuriate. This is perhaps not an unnatural *ricochet* of opinion; but we would recommend the patriots who labour at the regeneration of Italy to remember how close a bearing philosophic systems have on politics, and to be persuaded that nothing is to be gained by the substitution of abstractions for plain, intelligible truths.

A Summer in Western France. By T. Adolphus Trollope, Esq. B.A.; edited by Frances Trollope.

[Second Notice.]

WE have already hinted, that those distinguishing moral characteristics by which the various races of provincial France are still conspicuously marked, are not so prominently brought forward in these volumes, as we might have expected from one who announced them in the outset as one of his themes; but the occasional traditions and superstitions that haunt all localities, generally in proportion as they recede from the central lights of civilization, are collected, with an industry which supplies, by an extensive examination of written authorities, the imperfect information gathered, during a progress often too rapid to allow time for detecting them in their natural hiding-places. Little more important, to use the author's language, than notices of picturesque localities and dallies in the shady lanes of history and the pleasant places of antiquity, is found in his book; and the morals which reside in all such subjects, we recommend his readers to draw for themselves, rather than trust to our tourist's. It is in such passages that the evil spirits of his otherwise genial pages are at work; and, for ourselves, we generally find that the simple and effectual method of exorcism, is the approved formula of reading all his morals backwards. A few stale axioms and threadbare maxims, the results of half-thinking in those who propounded, and of no-thinking in those who repeat them, are readily disposed of by this easy process; and the reader may then follow, at his leisure, along a path, which an unwearied flow of animal spirits, and seemingly of physical energy, and an adventurous disposition, have enabled the author to render both pleasant and profitable.

Throughout no part of his journey should the author's steps be pursued with more interest, and his comments received with more caution, than along the wild, historic pathways of La Vendée. On every feature of its natural scenery the moral is so visibly inscribed, that he who runs must pause to read; but the inscriptions are bi-lingual, and may be read in two ways. Leaving it to Time, that great harmonizer, and History—when History shall be what is implied in the philosophy of its name, instead of an interpreter of the passions (or their echoes, the prejudices)—to translate these two readings into one unquestioned meaning, let us content ourselves with taking, without further comment of our own, a few of the plain texts which are written in all the highways and by-ways of a country that God made, and man has marred beyond His reclaiming, by His ordinary and natural processes, for many a year yet to come.

"At Torfou, as well as at Boussay, all is new. Not an old house is to be seen. For this immediate neighbourhood was among those most ravaged by the war. Torfou itself was the scene of one of the most notable Vendéan victories, and at a spot near the village where four roads meet, a granite column has been raised, bearing on it, in bronze letters, the words,

TORFOU
SEPTEMBRE XIX.
1793

N° 71
On the height, clinging to the cliffs, a few chance fields of the nation which have been tract, a piece of manner with a portion of significance in the forest, but exceeded to the about town of notation Bocage for the waste of the he royal chapel feeling to rec tears, country had d stand and s dells the R sleep "As Bocage Imme Herbi surrou less sn luxuri form away, area of the ay overgr moter blende forest, there secte struct there but a scatte farm- with which windi all b inext plexit is goi betw thick woul from throu roads to pa as ne wear some calle mend cess i for a lanes such Such diffic troop

On the four sides of the column, at about half its height, are four bronze crowns of oak-leaves, encircling each one of these memorable names: 'BONCHAMPS,' 'CHARETTE,' 'D'ELBÉZ,' 'LESCURE.' It chanced that these four heroes arrived on the destined field of battle by the four roads above mentioned, and the name of each looks towards the quarter from which he came to the ground that day."

We were disposed to quote, as our next extract, an account of the hostelry at Tiffauges,—a piece of minute painting, in the author's best manner, as graphic indeed as a Dutch picture, with an under-theme of pathos, such as made a portion of Wilkie's spell, in some of his most significant pictures,—but one half its merit consists in its truth of detail; it could not, therefore, be abridged, and the whole would greatly exceed our limits. We must proceed, therefore, to the view from the "*Mont des Alouettes*," about half a league to the north of the little town of Les Herbiers—which gives us a good notion at once of the sylvan beauty of the Bocage, and the especial features which fitted it for the long and desolating struggle that laid waste its fields and unroofed its hearths. To the homely read from that hill-top, we have royal auditors for companions; but the unfinished chapel is an appropriate emblem of the imperfect impression which it was reared, by a princess, to record. The shedder of a few sentimental tears, upon the "*Mont des Alouettes*," over a country of graves which the crimes of her family had dug, was just the person to unfurl the standard once more upon that mountain-top, and send the trumpet-summons through those dells where, but a few years ago, the trumpet of the Resurrection only could have aroused its sleepers.

"As seen from the '*Mont des Alouettes*,' the Bocage is at once perceived to merit its appellation. Immediately beneath the hill, the little town of Les Herbiers, peering out from amid the richness of the surrounding verdure, and the gardens, and numberless small fields around it, each encircled by its lofty, luxuriant hedge, well studded with hedge-row timber, form the foreground of the picture; while farther away, as the eye is less able to distinguish the green area of each separate enclosure, the country assumes the appearance of a verdant sylvan wilderness of overgrown thickets and bosky dells; till, in the remoter distance, the whole surface of the land seems blended into the semblance of one vast undulating forest. Through the whole extent of this country, there is no town worthy of the name, and it is intersected but by few roads, and those of recent construction. During the period of the Vendéan wars, there were none. There are a good many villages, but a very large proportion of the inhabitants are scattered over the surface of the country in isolated farm-houses, and cottages. These all communicate with their neighbours by a multitude of narrow paths, which, crossing each other in every direction, and winding round the angles of every field, constitute to all but those well acquainted with the country an inextricable labyrinth. To add to a stranger's perplexity, and ignorance of the direction in which he is going, the majority of these roads are hollowed out between deep banks, surmounted with enormously thick and lofty hedges. A subterranean tunnel would not more entirely keep a passenger through it from all knowledge of the localities of the country through which he was travelling, than many of these roads. Most of them are too narrow for two carts to pass, and many so deep, so narrow, and overgrown, as never to be visited by the rays of the sun. The wear of centuries has, year after year, removed something from these roads, if such they can be called, which is never replaced by any attempt to mend them; and in many cases the deepening process is considerably accelerated by the winter waters; for at that season, every year, many of the hollow lanes become water-courses, and are inundated to such a degree as to make them perfectly impassable. Such is the Bocage of La Vendée; and it is not difficult to conceive what must be the position of troops moving through such a country, and waging a

war of extermination with its inhabitants. Their every step was through a defile, which exposed them to their enemies, and rendered defence or retaliation almost impossible; while to the skirmishing fighting, ambushes, sudden onsets, and rapid dispersion of the children of the soil, nothing could be more favourable than its peculiarities. It was a long time before I could satisfy myself with gazing over this storied ground. More than twenty battle-fields lie beneath the eye, as from the '*Mont des Alouettes*' it travels round the wide horizon—Torfou, Montaigu, Saint Fulgent, Les Quatre Chemins, Pont-Lévé, Les Brouzils, Pont-Charron, Fontenay, Luçon, with several others, all noted for engagements more or less important, and all saturated with the blood of one or both of the parties in that deadly struggle!"

The modern capital of this desolated district is but a continuance of the moral epic—another deduction from its mournful story. The last vestige of the old chateau, and almost the entire village of Roche sur Yon, were destroyed, by the Republicans, in 1793, and the present town was built, in 1805, by command of Bonaparte.

We must not abandon the neighbourhood of the Bocage, without extracting our author's account of a remnant of an indigenous people, existing among the marshes and dikes about the mouth of the Sèvre Niortaise, and which have engaged a good deal of the attention of the Poitevin antiquaries and historians:—

"They are termed Coliberts, and have, under that appellation, been a distinct people from a period beyond the earliest records of history. Throughout the feudal period, they were never serfs or vassals; and, though the feudal maxim, '*Nullus terre sans seigneur*,' could hardly be said to be broken through in their case, inasmuch as they lived almost entirely in their boats, yet miserable as their existence seems to have been, they never appear to have been inclined to change it for the less free comforts of their neighbours on the land. The most generally received and best founded opinion respecting these singular people is, that they are the remains of the indigenous tribe of Agesinates Cambolectri, who were chased by the Romans into the solitudes and marshy shallows, which abound in this part of the coast; and who, not being worth the trouble of pursuing into their watery fastnesses, either then by the Roman conquerors, or at a subsequent period by the feudal lords of the domains on the neighbouring coast, have ever since continued free, according to the significance of their name, Coliberts, being derived from '*Col*,' neck or head—and '*libre*,' free. They have always lived by themselves, never intermarrying or mixing in any other way with the surrounding population. They support themselves by fishing, and most of their families live entirely in their boats. Some few have constructed huts on the sand. A number of strange ideas and superstitions existed with regard to them among the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts. They were believed to be Pagans; and especially to worship the rain. It is, indeed, likely enough that they may have continued Pagans to a much later period than the other inhabitants of the country. But they have certainly been Christians, as far as a very dark ignorance would permit them to be, for several generations. This and other prejudices against them caused them to be in some sort a proscribed people, and, doubtless, tended to perpetuate the perfect isolation of them from the rest of the population. * * It is not surprising that a race so characterised, and existing under such circumstances, should be hastening towards extinction. It is in accordance with a law that all experience seems to prove universal in such cases, that it should be so. There are many other instances of the descendants of a distinct race having preserved their distinctive peculiarities in the midst of another people, both races being nearly equal in point of civilization. But I know no other case of a tribe remaining almost in a savage state, in the immediate vicinity of civilization, for so long a period as that during which the Coliberts of Poitou have existed. The cause of this singularity is, probably, to be found in the fact, that these unfortunate outcasts possessed nothing whatsoever to excite the cupidity of their more civilized and more powerful neighbours. But the natural tendency of every population to increase is not, in

their case, sufficiently strong to struggle against the numerous checks incidental to their habits and miserable mode of life. And in a few years the Coliberts will, in all probability, have disappeared from the face of the earth, without their extinction having been accelerated by any acts of the neighbouring population."

We have lingered so long among the storied sites of La Vendée, that we have no time to spend, as we could have desired, in the cities and among the old traditional sites of Poitou. "*Poitou has been*," says M. Michelet, in his history, "the battle-field of the north and of the south. In Poitou it was that Clovis defeated the Goths,—that Charles Martel repulsed the Saracens,—that the Anglo-Gascon army of the Black Prince took captive King John; Poitou was the centre of Calvinism in the sixteenth century,—renewed the armies of Coligny,—and attempted a Protestant republic; Poitiers was, together with Arles and Lyons, the earliest Christian school of the Gauls; Poitiers was to France, in some respects, the cradle of the monarchy as well as of Christianity. The final light of Latin poetry shone at Poitiers; and the dawn of modern literature appeared there, in the twelfth century." Notwithstanding these accumulated claims upon the traveller's attention, we cannot even follow our author in the imperfect and hasty survey which he has bestowed upon its localities. Niort, with its busy population, liberal opinions, and industrial habits, which carried it unscathed through the revolutionary tempest that uprooted all around it, and its chateau, the birth-place of Madame de Maintenon,—and Poitiers, with its long, dull, narrow streets, coiling about, as the author expresses it, "like a heap of snakes," its cathedral chapter, five collegiate bodies of clergy, twenty-four parish churches, ten convents of men and eleven of women, besides a great number of ecclesiastics attached, in various capacities, to the episcopal residence, out of a population of 18,000 souls only, at the beginning of the revolution, and its thickly strewn relics of old ecclesiastical architecture, lurking in quiet out-of-the-way corners, "together with the dreamy sort of stillness which seems to hang over the town"—must alike be passed by. But on the crowded subject of Poitevin local history, there is a book to be written, whose romance being historical, and history eminently romantic, will engage the sympathies of a large class of readers—and which can hardly be in better hands than our author's, who seems to know so well where to look for his materials.

The same reason—want of space—must carry us, without a pause, through the ancient town of Saintes,—"*ancient beyond the earliest records of even semi-fabulous history*," and interesting, now, only from that antiquity, "and from the traces of its splendour and importance under the Romans." But we must not quit this country of the old Santones, without gleaming a pleasant anecdote, illustrating the sagacity of the inhabitants of the modern Saintonges, which our author fell in with, on a voyage down the Charente to Rochefort, by a steamer recently established on that river.

"I was exceedingly amused by the precautions one old lady, who had evidently never been on board a steamboat before in her life, took to ensure her safety and that of her lap-dog, whom she vigilantly compelled to share her place of security. This was immediately over the boiler. I could not conceive what induced the old soul to continue standing so long in one spot, and insisting on her dog also standing close to her. The captain offered her a seat in vain. She preferred retaining the position she had taken up; and at length my curiosity was so much excited, that I determined to make an attempt to fathom the mystery. So I addressed her with some remark on the speed of the boat, spoke of the distance to Rochefort, inquired whether she was going thither, and, on finding that she was, suggested that she would be very

tired if she continued standing all the while, and offered to put up for her one of the hanging benches at the sides of the vessel. No! she was much obliged, she preferred standing. I ventured to observe that, perhaps, if she preferred standing, she might find it more agreeable to stand in the after-part of the vessel, as the vibration of the engine was much more felt where she was, and must be disagreeable to her. Oh, not at all! au contraire, she rather liked it. * * I determined, however, to make one more attempt, and with this view remarked, after a pause of a few minutes, that a great many steamboats had blown up lately, and that I rather doubted the safety of this one. Upon this subject she was perfectly at home—knew all the accidents that had been in the papers for years back; and seemed to consider it rather more in the ordinary course of things, that a boat should blow up once in the course of a trip than otherwise. I began to be amazed now in earnest, and to suspect that this tremendously fire-proof old lady must be not altogether sound in her intellects. I just observed to her, however, that if—or rather when—the boiler did burst, we should, if we continued standing where we then were, infallibly be the first and most certain sufferers; to which she replied with two or three gentle nods of her head, and an approximation to a wink.—Soyez tranquille! Je connais mon affaire! N'ayez pas peur! Ce n'était pas hier que je suis venue au monde! Regardez donc. Ne voyez vous pas que je suis ici en sûreté? Coudes donc, Fidéle. Oui, oui! Je connais mon affaire! . . . personne mieux! added the old lady, with much self-complacency, as she pointed out to me a pipe connected with the safety-valve, on which was inscribed, in white capital letters, 'TUBE DE SURETÉ.'

Rocheport, and Bordeaux the magnificent, are trodden ground; and the latter city, for that reason, and because it belongs rather to a tour through Southern, than Western France, the author leaves undescribed—with a hint that it may serve as the starting-point for a future excursion.

Had we not, already, drawn so largely on these volumes, we would give our readers some account, from its pages, of the paper-mills in the neighbourhood of Angoulême, and of a curious monopoly established by the workmen in paper throughout the Angoumois. At Jarnac, our tourist, of course, discourses of Condé; and he pays a visit to La Rochefoucauld, for the sake of the names and events connected with its castle. The narrative of his journey is wound up in the Limousin; in whose arrondissement of Confolens, he finds many strange lingering superstitions. Limoges, a large, uninteresting-looking town, on the bank of the Vienne, and an important place, under the Romans, as the capital of the tribe of the Lemovices, has yet many traces of Roman architecture remaining—one of them, the vast subterranean aqueduct which the conquerors constructed for the feeding of their baths and fountains, and which "still supplies the fountain of Aigoulène, as well as the gardens and irrigated meadows in the vicinity of the town, with a copious stream of that 'soft water,' whose quality gave to the *Fons aqua lenis* its inviting name." At Chalus, the death-place of our English Richard of the Lion Heart, Mr. Trollope concludes his recollections, with the legend of that death as gathered on the spot, and a curious old chronicle respecting it. Before taking leave of him, however, it is right that we should give an example of that crude thinking,—that readiness to jump to conclusions upon imperfect data,—that sort of logic which overlooks half the conditions of a question,—against which we have warned our readers as the sin of these volumes; and an instance,—though by no means one of the most striking,—lies ready to our hand, in some reflections arising out of our author's account, at this place, of the language and intellectual condition of the Limousin peasantry:

"The continuation of this ancient tongue, as the vernacular language of the country, has unquestion-

ably been both a cause and a consequence of the backwardness which has for many years been the characteristic of this province. Its central position has contributed to this effect; and it is impossible to travel through the country without perceiving that its inhabitants are in every point of view some fifty years behind those of the neighbouring provinces. How much the Limousin peasant loses by this backwardness, and what he would gain by such a progress as most parts of France have made, may be more questionable. If the inhabitants are more ignorant, it is a statistically ascertained fact, that crime is less frequent among them than in any other part of the country. In the exceedingly interesting statistical maps drawn up, I believe, by M. Dupin, showing the comparative viciousness and ignorance of the different departments of France by gradations of light and shade, the departments which formed the ancient province of Limousin were marked with the deepest shade, in the map which indicated the intellectual condition of the country,—while, in the chart which exhibited its moral state, according to the official returns of the number of crimes committed, this part of the country is distinguished by the greatest proportion of light. This is a very important fact, worth volumes of argument on the nature of the instruction, mis-called education, which so many well-intentioned but mistaken philanthropists would spread among mankind!"

The facts of the Limousin peasant being marked with M. Dupin's darkest intellectual shade, and having, at the same time, a high place in his moral chart, are, at once, assumed, by Mr. Trollope as immediate cause and effect, without relation to other influences; and unhesitatingly applied to the justification of one of his "foregone conclusions"—the defence of one of those odious maxims which the party is daily becoming smaller and smaller that is not ashamed to utter. The merest tyro in reasoning can scarcely fail to see that the one fact and the other are, alike, casual and independent effects of the same set of causes; but, barring these *escapades*, and leaving all such glaring fallacies out of the account, these volumes are calculated to be both a useful guide and agreeable companion to any tourist following, in our author's track, through Western France.

Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

[Second Notice.]

THE mania of family pride displays itself even more strongly in the natives of the Emerald Isle than in our own countrymen. We have heard that at the time Washington was occupied in establishing the American republic, he was in correspondence with the Herald's Office in London; and Mr. O'Connell has allowed some one to communicate to Mr. Burke the following story, which is curious, from showing the source of the great Liberator's eloquence; for, assuredly, the descendant of Prince Gahbra must be an orator by hereditary right:—

"The surname of O'Connell, according to the authority of Irish writers, emanated from Conal Gabhra, an ancient prince of the royal line of Heber, son of Milesius; from whom, likewise, the districts of Upper and Lower Connelloe, in the county of Limerick, acquired their denomination,—districts originally the lands and abode of the family before us, as chief of the sept O'Connell. Thence they removed to Iveragh, in the western extremity of Kerry, and there for a considerable time enjoyed the rank of Toparchs. The rebellion of 1641, however, transplanted the O'Connells, with many other victims of that disastrous event, to the county of Clare. Omitting anterior generations, which ascend to a remote antiquity, we shall commence with Aodh, or Hugh O'Connell, lord and chief of the clan," in the time of King Edward the Third.

The O'Connells are nevertheless outshone by the O'Gradys and the O'Shees; but we have only room for a notice of the former:

"The Milesian family of O'Grady is one of the most ancient, and in the combination of its numerous

divergent branches, probably the most opulent and powerful amongst the resident proprietors of the county of Limerick. Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish and English Dictionary, assigns Conal-Eachlath, King of Munster, anno 366, and sixth in descent from Oiliol-Olum, (of the race of Heber, the eldest son of Milesius, King of Spain, who colonized Ireland,) as the common ancestor of the O'Gradys and the O'Briens; but the latter having subsequently, in the person of BRIEN BOROMHE, the renowned monarch of Ireland, established an ascendancy power in North Munster, or Thomond, of which they became hereditary rulers, the O'Gradys acknowledged their paramount sway, and were arrayed as dynasts, or chiefs of a sept, under the banners of their provincial princes."

Yet what is the splendour of the O'Connells, the O'Shees, and the O'Gradys, even if concentrated into one focus, to that of the house of Blacker?

"This family derives its name and descent from Blacar, King or Chief of the Northmen, or Danes, who settled at Dublin in the beginning of the tenth century. He was the son of Godfred, and the grandson of Imar. Succeeding his brother Amlave in 938, he led back the Danes to Dublin, from whence they had been driven. In 940 he plundered Clonmacnoise and Kildare, and the next year he slew with his own axe, on the 26th of March, in a pitched battle on the banks of the Bann, Mairchertach, King of Ailech, called the Hector, or bravest of his time, and the day after he marched against and sacked the city of Armagh."—"In 943 Blacar was driven from Dublin by a successful attack of the Irish; and fell in 946, near that city, with 1600 of his people, vanquished by Congalach, King of Ireland, and was succeeded by his son Sitric Mac Blacar."

Though the pedigree of Blacker is only regularly deduced from a Capt. Valentine Blacker, of Carrick, who lived in 1597, it is to be inferred from "the site of King Blacar's victory over King Mairchertach having for many generations been in the possession of the family," that he was lineally descended from the hero. But lest any sceptic wight should presume to doubt it, we shall adduce the most conclusive evidence of the fact. The Arms borne by the present representative are, "argent, Gutte de Sang [indicating his Majesty's sanguinary combats, we presume] a Danish warrior armed with a battle-axe in the dexter and a sword in the sinister hand, all proper." "Crest, anciently, a Danish battle-axe; latterly, the same, supported by an arm in armour proper."

The history of the house of Blacker may throw some light on an etymological, if not national question, equally interesting and obscure. Mr. Burke says that "by some authors King Blacar is called BLACCARD; and it is worthy of observation that the name is still frequently pronounced by the lower classes of the people BLACCARD." Now, can anything be clearer, as Monkbarns would have argued, than that the well-known preparation of the Virginian weed owes its name to its having titillated the olfactorys of King Blacar? His Majesty was an *Irishman*, hence the prefix of "Irish"; his name is usually pronounced "Blackard," the *idem sonans* of blackguard, hence Irish Blackguard—Q. E. D. If it be objected that tobacco is supposed to have been first introduced into Europe some few centuries after King Blackard was slain, an Irish antiquary might boldly deny the fact; and, like some of the learned tribe on this side of the water, preferring a good guess to a positive fact, refer to this etymology in proof of the popular error.

There is, however, another claimant to the honours of a Royal descent in the person of Sir John Conroy, the late Equerry to the Duchess of Kent, a gentleman whose name is better known than that of his glorious ancestor, *King Niullus the Great!*

"By reference to the records in the Office of Ulster King at Arms, it is established that the Mile-

ian house of CONROY, which was formerly written Mulconroy, O'Mulconroy, and O'Mulconaire, is of great antiquity, and assumes its descent from Niullus Magnus, Monarch of Ireland."

We are then informed that "the funeral and lineage of Moylin O'Mulconroy, Esq. was duly established and registered," in the Herald's Office at Dublin, "as the forty-third in lineal descent of this ancient family, and received, as such, the warranty, dated 6th of July, 1638, of Thomas Preston, then Ulster King of Arms." From this Moylin O'Mulconroy descended, "altering their surnames, Thorna O'Mulconry, Esq., John Conry or Mulconry, Esq., and Charles Conry, Esq.," the which Charles had the honour of being the worthy Baronet's progenitor.

From Ireland let us now conduct the gentle reader into the land of the Ap Shenkins, Ap Jones, Ap Eions, that stronghold of fabulous genealogy, where any pedigree that does not commence at least four generations before the Flood, and contain a score of native Princes, is looked upon with contempt.

Was it necessary that the history of the house of Johnes should commence with the assurance that it is a "very ancient" one?

"This family, a very ancient one, and of long standing in the counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan, derives its lineage from Urien Reged, a Cambro-Briton, fifth in descent from Coel Godebog, King of Britain. Urien Reged was one of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, and was a Prince of the district of Gwyr, or Gower, in Glamorganshire, and Iskennen, Carnwallon, and Kidwely, in Carmarthenshire. Tradition ascribes to him the building of Carregkennan Castle, in Llandilofawr. He married Lefoy, daughter of Gwrlais, Duke of Cornwall, and was direct ancestor of Rees ap Gronow ap Einon, who married Margaret or Mary, daughter and co-heir of Griffith ap Cydrych, Lord of Gwinfe, by a daughter and co-heir of Howell, Lord of Cerrillion, and had a son Elydyr ap Rees, who married Gwladys, daughter of Philip ap Bach ap Gwaithvod, Lord of Esgairfach, in Glamorganshire; but according to others, of Cadwgan ap Jorweth ap Llywarch ap Bran." From this illustrious pair sprung "Sir Elydyr Dhu, or Leonard Dhu, Knight of the Sepulchre," father of Philip ap Eydry, who married Gwladys, daughter of David Vras ap Enion Goch ap Griffith ap Enion Vychan, who was grandfather of Griffith ap Nicholas, "slain at Wakefield, on the side of York."

Surely here are "long names" enough not only, as Maitre Pierre says, "to raise the Devil," but a legion of Devils. Before the reader's mouth has recovered its natural position, and his organs of speech their usual powers, let the history of the Morgans be read:

"Griffith, sixth in descent from Ednyfed Vychan, married Angharad, daughter and heir of David Lloyd ap Tudor ap Ithel Vychan, and had a son and successor, Edward ap Griffith, who, by Angharad, daughter of John ap Evan Teg, of Treacstell, had a son Thomas ap Edward, who wedded Katherine, daughter of John ap Evan Vychan ap Yodyn, of Rhyddorddu, and had issue Morgan, his heir, and Agnes, who married Hugh Thomas ap Mwyndeg, and Katherine, who married Griffith Vychan ap Llewelyn ap Bel. The eldest son, Morgan ap Thomas, espoused Elen, daughter of Hugh ap John Cynrie ap Ithel, and had issue Edward, his heir; Janet married Hugh ap David ap Jenkin; Agnes, married to John ap Rees ap John Benet; Alice, married to John ap Hugh ap Thomas Mwyndeg; and Catherine, married to Ellis ap Rees Wyn."

Can anything be more interesting or instructive than such a bead-roll of euphonious names? We will now, *pour la bonne bouche*, give the last extract; and whether in racy absurdity, inflated style, or utter defiance of all probability, the history of the family of OWEN OF GLANSWERN may challenge (and it is a bold word) competition with any other part even of Mr. Burke's own work.

"We shall not dive into the depths of antiquity, by tracing the descent of the family under discussion

to any of those brave Britons who lined the coasts of Kent to oppose the landing of Julius Caesar, but shall be content with going only a few centuries beyond the Norman conquest [!], and begin with RHODRI MOLWYNOG [!!!]. This prince acquired his cognomen, Molwynog, from his 'Welsh blood being up,' or that he foamed with rage in the bloody field [!!!]. He at length retreated from Cambrian Wessex to the north of the Severn. As many of the Britons as preferred liberty to the enduring of the yoke of foreigners, followed their chief, leaving most of the less spirited peasantry to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the new lords of Gwlad yr hav (summer country), where their posterity still continue, whizzing the Saxon *z* instead of the British *s* [!]. Ethelbald, the Mercian, came again in contact with the retreating Britons on the 'Mountains of Carn,' to the south of the river Usk, at Crug-Howel. Here was fought one of the severest battles recorded in the Cambrian annals, and both sides laid claim to victory. The field of carnage is studded with cairns, under which the fallen warriors, Britons and Saxons huddled together, repose in peaceful silence. Rhodri had two royal palaces in North Wales, one at Cair Seiont (the ancient Segontium), on the straits of the Menni, the other at Castell y Penrhyn, near Bangor, now the residence of G. D. Pennant, Esq. In the great hall at this castle, in the fifteenth century, according to the metrical evidence of a bard of that period, were suspended 'the ponderous arms of Mervyn Vrych,' the royal consort of Easylt, granddaughter of this Rhodri. The curious antiquary of the nineteenth century 'will perhaps seriously deplore that they are not now to be found there.' Rhodri, notwithstanding the innumerable darts and daggers that assailed him during a turbulent reign of thirty-five years, was blessed with a natural death, in the year 755, and consigned to his *ultima domus* at Carleeon, on the Usk. The third descending link in this chain from Rhodri Molwynog, was his great grandson and namesake, Rhodri Mawr, or the Great, in allusion, probably, to his being an Anakim in size, more than to the soundness of his policy, for he removed his seat of government from Segontium, a place of Snowdonian strength, to the more assailable shore of Anglesey, at Aberffraw; and adhering to the national curse of gavel-kind distribution, he partitioned Wales into three distinct royalties, for his three elder sons, Cadell, Anarawd, and Mervyn. The Mercians invading Anglesey in the year 877, were opposed by Rhodri, and both himself and his brother, Gwrydd, fell in the conflict. In the Welsh Chronicle this battle is called 'Gwaith Dyw Sul Môn,'—i. e. Mona Sunday battle, it having been fought, like that of Waterloo (*magna componere parvis*) about that day. The next link descends from royalty to the fourth son of Rhodri, named Indwal Gloff, or the Lame, so called from the effect of a severe wound in the knee, which he received at the battle of Cymryd, a place within two miles of the town of Conway. In the third year after the death of Rhodri, the Mercians, encouraged by their former success, again invaded North Wales, but being met at the place last mentioned by Anarawd, the young reigning prince, his brother Tudwal, and their forces, the Angles suffered a signal defeat. Prince Anarawd ordered this decisive victory to be chronicled under the appellation of 'Gwaith dial Rhodri,'—i. e. Revenge for the death of Rhodri. Tudwal, for his general good conduct and bravery in this battle, was rewarded by the diademed princes, his brothers, with an additional grant of lands in Uchelgoed Gwynedd, and the lordship of Ceredigion, or that western tract lying between the rivers Dorey and Teivy. Tudwal espoused Helen, daughter of Aleth, who, in genealogies, is styled 'brenin Dyved' (Demetia). The seventh in descent from Tudwal and Helen was Dyniawd, lord of Castle-Howel, in Cardiganshire. This chieftain's name seems to be a Demetianism of the Dywnal of North Wales, the Latinized Dunwallo, and the modernized Devonnal. His successor at Castle-Howel was his son Cadivor Ab Dyniawd, one of the heroes of the age in which every man capable of bearing arms was bound to be a soldier. The Norman barons, encouraged and aided by the most powerful of the Plantagenet Kings of England, had possession of most of the castles in South Wales; and, among others, Roger, Earl of Clare, held the castle of Cardigan by a strong garrison, to the great

annoyance of the 'Lord Rees' of South Wales. This puissant prince, unable any longer to bear the incessant ravages of the invaders of his country, collected his forces in the year 1164, and captured and demolished as many of the Norman castles as lay in his route. Cadivor, the prince's relative, and commander-in-chief of his forces, took the castle of Cardigan by escalade, which so pleased the valorous son of Gruffydd, that he ordered the captor to use a new shield of arms as a memorial of such a notable exploit [!!!], viz. Sable three scaling ladders, and between the two uppermost, a spear's head argent, its point imbrued; on a chief gules, a tower triple-turreted of the second. One of the chief heraldic antiquaries of the present age objects to the blazonry of Cadivor's coat, because it appears too complex for the period, when armorial bearings had scarcely a beginning. We own its complexity, and at the same time we cannot avoid seeing its appropriateness to the occasion: first, the field sable denoted the darkness of night when the escalade took place—the ladders and spear's head imbrued, exhibited the articles and weapons used—the castle in chief, the trophy won—and its field gules showed the retaliating treatment the garrison met with [!!!], excepting the governor, Robert Fitz-Stephen, cousin-german, on his mother's side, to the Prince Rees; but his father was a Norman, and Robert himself a Norman in heart towards the prince and the Welsh nation."

Surely this must have been intended as a satire upon the author's usual narratives; and it certainly far exceeds Theodore Hook's account of the Newbiggenses in 'Jack Brag.'

From such outrages on veracity and probability, it is gratifying to turn to well authenticated accounts of really ancient families, like those of Fitz Herbert, whose ancestor obtained the manor of Norbury, in Derbyshire, by a charter from the Prior of Tutbury, in the year 1125, which manor and charter are now both in the possession of his lineal heir male; and of Kingscote of Kingscote, in Gloucestershire, of whom Smythe, of Nibley, has observed, that the Mr. Kingscote of his time and "his lineal ancestors have continued in this manor now about 500 years, never attainted, nor dwelling out of it elsewhere; nor hath the tide of his estate higher or lower flowed or ebbed, in better or worse condition, but, like a fixed star in his firmament, to have remained without motion in this his little orb, without any remarkable change."

Although the occurrence of biographical anecdotes is very rare, there are nevertheless a few interesting statements of that nature, such, for example, as a letter of thanks from Henry VIII. to Sir Marmaduke Constable, for his services at Flodden Field, (vol. i. p. 549); the stratagem by which Mr. Askew recovered his office in the household of Henry VIII. (vol. ii. p. 292); the description of a terrific scene arising out of the feud between two Irish families in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (vol. iii. p. 156); and the description of Charles the Second's escape after the battle of Worcester, from an original MS. by Mr. Whitgreave, to whom the King was mainly indebted for his safety (vol. iv. p. 559).

While most of the contributors to this work have not been too modest in displaying the merits of their ancestors, nor in all cases their own, (witness, for example, the achievements of a Lieut.-Colonel in the East India Company's army, in vol. iv. p. 57,) there is one instance of a fact being omitted, which would shed lustre on any genealogy however illustrious. We allude to the steady friendship of Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, for the unhappy Burns, who immortalized some of her children in his verses; but in Mr. Burke's account of that lady (vol. i. p. 434) the poet's name is not even mentioned.

Our opinion of Mr. Burke's 'History of the Commoners' may be briefly stated. It is with relation to numerous untitled families what the

Peerages and Baronetcies are to families possessed of hereditary honours, and though containing about the same amount of errors and absurdities, is as useful for occasional reference, as those well-known publications. It has the great merit of being well indexed; and if the names of all the families were thrown into one general index, which would not exceed a sheet, the utility of the work would be greatly increased. Circulated with a brief prospectus, this general Index would form a better advertisement for the 'Commoners' than even Mr. Colburn himself could devise.

The History of Holland, from the beginning of the Tenth to the end of the Eighteenth Century. By C. M. Davies. Vol. I. Parker.

SIMILARITY of commercial pursuits, municipal institutions, social habits, and, to a considerable extent, of language, has united England and Holland by bonds which have been often loosed, but never wholly broken; it is, therefore, singular that the History of Holland should be generally neglected in this country, or, at least, that no attention should be paid to its annals before it became a province of the proud Dukes of Burgundy. Interesting as is the record of the glorious struggle made by the United Provinces against the Burgundian dukes and their heirs the kings of Spain, additional importance is given to the contest when it is known that the Hollanders contended for no novel system, demanded no unprecedented privileges, but took up arms to defend an inheritance of liberty, a system of constitutional freedom derived from a long and illustrious ancestry. Historical students must and ought to feel grateful to the author of the volume before us for the researches undertaken to trace the course of constitutional freedom in the early history of Holland, and the care with which the results are recorded.

The early constitution of Holland deserves attention, because in it the system of municipal government was more fully developed than in any other European state. In their outward forms these municipalities were aristocratic rather than republican; but the spirit which animated them was thoroughly popular; for though power was only placed in the hands of a few individuals, yet these were men for the most part engaged in trade, and the brief space for which office was held prevented the growth of an exclusive spirit. In the fourteenth century Holland, like England, Germany, and France, was distracted by the dissensions between the feudal Nobility, conscious of their declining power, and the Commons, equally conscious of their increasing strength. The parties were regularly formed, when a dispute with the Princess Margaret supplied them with an excuse for war, and what in civil dissension is scarcely less important, with names.

"The nobles espoused the side of William, while the people and inhabitants of the towns, with the exception of the larger and more aristocratic cities, adhered to Margaret, who was supported besides by the Lord of Brederode, and a few others of the most popular nobility. The former were called by the party name of 'Cods,' because the cod devours all the smaller fish; and the latter by that of 'Hook,' because with that apparently insignificant instrument one is able to catch the cod. It does not appear what occasion gave rise to these very primitive appellations, so characteristic of the people and their pursuits."

The contest between the Cods and Hooks was scarcely less injurious to Holland than the wars of the Roses to England. So impoverished was the state, that Albert, the sovereign, died insolvent, and his widow was obliged to go through the ceremony of a "boddelafstand," or formal renunciation of all claim to his estate:—

"The particulars of this ceremony, not uncommon

in the Netherlands, are thus described: the widow, having chosen a guardian, demanded, through him, permission, before a court composed of the bailiff of the place and four assessors, to renounce the hereditary estate of her husband, according to the law of Rhyndland. Permission being given, the body of the count was placed on a bier and brought before the door of the court: the lady, then, dressed in borrowed clothes, and retaining nothing in her possession which she had received from her late husband, went out with a straw in her hand: this she gave to her guardian, who threw it on the bier, renouncing and surrendering in her name the right of dower, and all interest in the estate of the late count, and in all debts due to or from him."

The history of the "hook and cod" war abounds with curious and exciting incidents; the death of Arnold Beiling, the heroic governor of Schoonhoven, will remind the classical reader of the fate of the Phileni:—

"He was condemned to be buried alive, but besought a respite of one month to arrange his affairs, and take leave of his friends: it was granted upon his word of honour alone, and he was permitted to depart without further security. He returned punctually at the time appointed, and the sentence was executed a short distance without the walls of the town. The confidence with which this singular request was granted, showing, as it does, the habitual reliance placed on the good faith of the Hollanders, is only less admirable than the courageous integrity with which the promise was fulfilled."

When the county of Holland was annexed to the duchy of Burgundy, the Hollanders, like the Flemings, were severely taxed to support the extravagance of the court and the nobility. Charles the Bold, who had strong claims to the additional title of Bad, hated the very name of freedom; he waged war against the municipal privileges of the cities, and against the rising liberties of the Swiss; but when he fell, by the treachery of the mercenaries whom he employed, through distrust of his own subjects, the Hollanders re-established their ancient system. After a brief interval of repose, they were doomed to greater sufferings than even when the sovereignty of their country was annexed to the monarchy of Austria, and subsequently of Spain. Their inability to pay the heavy taxes levied upon them by Philip II. was regarded as contumacy, and a body of troops was sent to seize the property of the recusants. This was the origin of the "Casembrotspel," or "bread and cheese sport," a very significant name for a struggle on the part of the populace to obtain necessary food. The popular party was overthrown, but, ere long, the faction of the ascendancy discovered that such a victory was their ruin.

The Reformation was, in Holland, more the work of the people than in any other European country, because nowhere else had the Catholic clergy so completely identified its cause with that of the ascendant oligarchy, and perhaps nowhere else had bishops and priests so ostentatiously disregarded the instruction of their congregations. It was commonly said, that they had misinterpreted Christ's injunction to St. Peter, and read the text "Shear my sheep," instead of "Feed my sheep." But the ignorance in which the Hollanders were sunk rendered them at first easier to be led by fanaticism than reason, and they were induced to support the cause of the Anabaptists of Munster. The persecutions to which some even of the Lutheran party subjected these misguided men, were aptly compared to the conduct of a father who stops up all the windows of his house, and then punishes his children for stumbling in the dark. The apologue might have been extended, for the children under these circumstances pulled down the main wall in their anxiety to admit light. The religious contest was closely connected with a struggle for the repeal of the obnoxious corn-

laws, imposed by the Emperor Charles. A tax was imposed on the export and re-shipment of corn, but its evil effects were soon manifest, and the restriction removed:—

"Hardly was the permit money begun to be levied, when the pernicious effects of the measure appeared. One hundred and fifty Baltic ships, accustomed to trade with Holland, sailed westward without coming into port. In Amsterdam it gave rise to some tumults, in which the receiver narrowly escaped with his life. The states, understanding that great difficulty was found in filling the office of receiver, since men feared to undertake it in the present temper of the people, again sent to petition the governors for a repeal of the obnoxious impost. She agreed to it on condition that 25,000 guilders should be paid to the emperor as an indemnification for the loss he would sustain. The states gladly accepted her proposal, Amsterdam consenting to pay a third of the required sum, and thus Holland was again relieved for some years from this injurious restriction on her trade."

The popular discontent rapidly increased after the accession of Philip, the husband of our Queen Mary. He was not only a tyrannical bigot himself, but he had the fortune to find ministers who felt no scruple in carrying his iniquitous measures to their fullest extent. Cardinal Granville was his chief agent in introducing the ingenious remedy devised for the cure of discontent and distress, viz., the creation of fourteen new bishoprics in the Netherlands. The popular opinion respecting this mode of cure was expressed by the "H. B." of the day:—

"The cardinal had, one day, thrust into his hand a picture of himself sitting on a nest of eggs, from which bishops were hatching; over his head was a devil, saying, 'This is my beloved son, hear ye him.'"

The storm of persecution burst forth, but the Reformers found means of shelter and escape in the municipal institutions of Holland. The governments, in most of the towns, rendered the penal edicts a mere dead letter:—

"The efforts of the magistrates to shield their fellow-citizens of the reformed religion from the effects of these edicts were various and unceasing. Sometimes they induced them to attend mass once or twice for appearance sake, and then appealed to the circumstance as a proof of their being good Catholics; often, when they knew an accusation was likely to be brought against them, they gave them timely warning, or provided them with a place of concealment. The method adopted on one occasion by the magistrates of Hoorn was rather curious. The government of that town being accused before the council of Holland by one Dirk, a hot-headed meddling priest, of remissness in the punishment of heretics, a commissioner, named Charles Smyter, was sent to inquire into the matter. On his arrival at Hoorn, he was received with great courtesy by the burgomasters and principal members of the government, who took it by turns to entertain him, which they did so effectually, that the only movement he was able to make was 'from bed to table, and from table to bed.' The answers, therefore, to all such came to give information concerning heretics, was either that the commissioner was engaged at meals, or that he was asleep. Having spent a week in this manner, and hearing no accusation, he returned to the Hague, lauding to the skies the religious disposition of the good citizens of Hoorn, against whom, he said, he had not heard the slightest complaint of heresy during the whole time he had been there. The chief burgomaster had not forgotten to recommend his hospitalities still further, by a liberal present of money."

Philip, disappointed in his first efforts, began to profess more tolerant principles, and promised to grant what he was pleased to call a "moderation." It was not long before the Reformers learned that the pretended concessions were really an aggravation of their wrongs:—

"The joy caused by the relaxation of persecution consequent on the orders of the governors, soon gave way to renewed fear and suspicion. When the moderation (or as the populace called it, 'murderation') devised by her and the privy council became known,

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it was found to be such as to excite the indignation of many, and the contempt of all. Priests, teachers, and those who exercised any office among the Reformers, the composers, printers, or sellers of any pamphlet, song, or pasquinade, were to be hanged instead of burnt alive; the punishment of death being changed to banishment, in favour of the common people only."

The administration of the Duke of Alva soon brought matters to a crisis; he not only expelled the revolted Hollanders, whom he contemptuously called Gueux, or "beggars," but he menaced war against any nation that would afford them shelter:—

"His remonstrance, which bore somewhat the appearance of a menace, induced Elizabeth, who feared to draw on herself the enmity of Philip, to issue an order commanding the Gueux to quit the ports, and strictly forbidding any one to harbour, or supply them with food or other necessities. Thus driven from their last refuge, and left without a single spot of earth in Europe whereon to set their foot, the Gueux, under the command of the admiral, William van der Mark, (one of those who had sworn to let their hair and beard grow till the death of Egmond was avenged,) set sail in their vessels, twenty-four in number, for the Texel, purposing to attack the duke's ships of war which were then lying there. On their way they captured two large Spanish vessels, and being driven by stress of weather into the Meuse, presented themselves suddenly before Briel. The town being destitute of a garrison, and the poorer people favourably inclined to the Gueux, the more wealthy inhabitants fled precipitately, and Van der Mark took possession in the name of the Prince of Orange as stadtholder, with little opposition. The lives and property of the citizens remained untouched: but the Gueux wreaking a cruel vengeance on the priests and monks, hanged no less than thirteen of them; they likewise stripped the churches, and broke all the images."

From the moment that the Gueux had regained a footing in their native country, they devoted themselves to asserting the independence of Holland, and thus the vindictive folly of Alva was the first stroke in severing the allegiance of the Netherlands from Spain. The volume before us ends at this interesting crisis, but we trust soon to receive the continuation of the work, and to examine the history of the great war between Commerce and Feudalism, in which England and Holland, as leaders of the mercantile interests of the world, humbled to the dust the exorbitant power of Spain.

Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home. By Miss Sedgwick.

[Second Notice.]

WE confined ourselves last week to Miss Sedgwick's report on London sights and London society, as the matters most likely to interest our readers, and, with the less scruple, since the rest of her book, we regret to say, belongs to that hopeless class of publications, of which the public—at least in England—must be as weary as ourselves,—hurried notes and comments on all the exhausted subjects which present themselves to every traveller on the highways of Europe, through Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy, down to Naples. If there be anything new to be said on such a route, it must lie so far out of the beaten track as to be hardly within the reach of reasonable expectation. Facts are such positive matters, that though regarded in any possible way by any species of traveller contained in Sterne's comprehensive catalogue, they will not change their nature. The subjective is here lost in the objective: and, whatever be the individual merits of the writer, he cannot escape from the common-place of all that meets his eye and offers itself for description.

In running hastily, therefore, over the Continent with Miss Sedgwick, we shall dip into her

letters, for such casual passages and opinions only as are the result of original thought, temperament, or education. What will the New Englander say to the following judgment, on a question much argued, but rarely in so large and Christian a spirit?—

"If you recollect that we are now in Protestant Germany, you will be astonished at the laxity of the Sabbath. The German reformers never, I believe, undertook to reform the Continental Sabbath. They probably understood too well the inflexible nature of national customs, and how much more difficult it is to remodel them than to recast faith. We are accustomed to talk of 'the horrors of a Continental Sabbath,' and are naturally shocked with an aspect of things so different from our own. But, when I remember the dozing congregations I have seen, the domestics stretched half the heavy day in bed, the young people sitting by the half-closed blind, stealing long looks out of the window, while the Bible was lying idle on their laps; and the merry shouts of the children at the going down of the sun, as if an enemy had disappeared,—it does not seem to me that we can say to the poor, ignorant, toil-worn peasant of Europe, 'I am holier than thou!'"

The affability and social kindliness of the manners of the Germans struck the American lady as a charming and welcome change from the "radical uncourteousness" of the English, and the "conventional politeness" of the French. A touch of home-bred travelling behaviour, and her remark thereupon, is, however, not the least noticeable of her sketches on the road:—

"We met a countryman to-day who has been travelling through France and Italy with his sister, 'without any language,' he says, 'but that spoken on the rock of Plymouth,' which, true to his English blood, he pronounces, with infinite satisfaction, to be the best and all-sufficient. He is a fair specimen of that class of Anglo-American travellers, who find quite enough particulars, in which every country is inferior to their own, to fill up the field of their observation. He has just crossed the deck to say to me, 'I have let them know what a tall place America is; I have told them that an American steamer will carry 2000 people and 1000 bales of cotton, and go down the river and up twice as fast as a Rhine steamer.' He has not told them that a Rhine steamer is far superior in its arrangement and refinement to ours. These little patriotic vanities are pleasant solaces when one is three thousand miles from home—but truth is better."

Here is another passage of parallel and comparison, worth extracting—the object that called it forth being the superb Cathedral of Freyburg:—

"As to what man has built, from the cottage to the cathedral, the difference between the Old and New World is—unmeasurable. In the material, form, and colour of our buildings, we have done, for the most part, all we could do to deform the fair face of our nature. All that we can say for them is, that they are either of so perishable a material or so slightly put together, that they cannot last long; and when they are to be replaced, we may hope that the inventive genius of our people, guided by the rules of art, will devise an architecture for us suited to our condition, and embodying the element of beauty. I say 'suited to our condition;' for it is very plain that where property is so diffused as to make individual possession and comfort all but universal, and where society is broken into small multitudinous sects, we have no occasion for the stately palaces, the dual residences, the cathedrals and splendid churches of Europe; nor shall we have the beautiful, comfortable cottage niched in an old tower, or made of the fragments of a castle wall, so enchanting to the eye in the picture scenes here. After all, dear C., when I get home, and have nothing to see but our scrawny farm-houses, excrescences, wens as they are on the fair earth, it will be rather a comfort to think they are occupied by those that own them; that under those unsightly, unthatched shingled roofs are independent, clean, and abundant homes, and a progressive people. Still, with patriotism, common sense, and, I may add, but a common gratitude to Providence for our home condition, on the whole, I cannot

but sigh as I look back upon the delight we had yesterday in seeing surely the most exquisitely beautiful of all cathedrals, the Cathedral of Freyburg, and in joining in the vesper service there in the twilight of the preceding evening: yes, joining, for surely dull must be the spirit that does not allow free course to its devotional instincts in such a place and at such an hour, while people of all conditions are kneeling together. You do not ask or think by what name their religion is called. You feel that the wants of their natures are the wants of your own, and your worship is spontaneous, which it is not always in our pharisaical pews, amid a finely-dressed congregation, and while listening to a sermon written for the elite of the elite. Dear C., let us see things as they are; depend on it the old faith, with all its corruptions and absurdities, is, in a few of its usages, nearer to the Christian source than the new."

Here is a picture in little, of agricultural life in Lombardy:—

"There are no signs of rural cheerfulness; no look of habitation. The cultivators live in compact, dirty little villages. The very few country houses are surrounded with high walls, with their lower windows grated; even the barn windows have this jail-like provision. What a state of morals and government does this suggest! what a contrast to rural life in England! what comparison to the condition of things in our little village of S., where a certain friend of ours fastens her outer door with a carving-knife, leaving all her plate unlocked in a pantry hard by, and only puts in a second knife when she hears that a thief has been marauding some fifty miles off. 'Oh, pays heureux!' François may well exclaim, and we repeat."

But if the high walls and grated windows are suggestive, is there no speculation in the lady of "our village," with "all her plate," who fastens the outer door herself, and with a carving knife? This does not exactly realize our idea of the "pays heureux." If we are to have fastenings, we would rather have "grated windows, locks, bolts, and bars," after the old European fashion, and leave them in charge of the servants. At Ferrara she visited, as a matter of course, the cell where Tasso was confined:—

"The old man told us some particulars of Lord Byron's visit, and showed us his name written by himself in deep-cut characters. 'Under Lord Byron's name,' he said, 'was that of his *Segretario*, Samuel Rogers.' We all smiled, recurring at once to Mr. Rogers, as we had recently seen him, with his own poetic reputation, surrounded by the respect that waits on age, heightened into homage by his personal character; and K. expostulated, and tried to enlighten the old man's ignorance—but in vain. Byron's is the only English name that has risen, or ever will rise, above his horizon, and 'the *Segretario*' must remain a dim reflected light."

We may now, without further let or hindrance, proceed with Miss Sedgwick's gallery of portraits, done from the life, for the pleasure of her "Kindred at Home:—"

"Schlegel is past seventy, with an eye still brilliant, and a fresh colour in his cheek. He attracted our attention to his very beautiful bust of Carrara marble, and repeatedly adverted to the decay of the original since the bust was made, with a sensibility which proved that the pleasures and regrets that accompany the possession of beauty are not limited to women. He makes the most of his relics by wearing a particularly becoming black velvet cap, round which his wavy white locks lie as soft as rays of light. He was courteous and agreeable for the half hour we passed with him; but I brought away no new impression but that I have given you, that he is a handsome man for threescore and ten."

"Towards evening K. and I drove out to M. Sismondi's. He resides at Chesne. We drove away from the lake on a level road, past pleasant villas, and in face of Mont Blanc; thickly veiled his face was thought, and, as we are told, he does not show it, on an average, more than sixty times a year. After a pleasant drive of a mile and a half, we reached M. Sismondi's house, a low, cottage-like building, with a pretty hedge before it, and ground enough about it

to give it an air of seclusion and refinement. On the opposite side of the road, and withdrawn from it, is a Gothic church, shaded by fine old trees; and before it is the Salève, and Mont Blanc for a background. I envied those who could sit down on the stone benches in the broad vestibule of the church, with these glorious high altars before them. It pleased me to find Sismondi's home in a position so harmonizing with the elevation and tranquillity of his philosophic mind. As we drove up the serpentine approach to his door, I felt a little trepidation, lest I might not find a friend in my long and intimate correspondent—a natural dread of the presence of a celebrated man; but I had no sooner seen his benignant face, and heard the earnest tones of his kind welcome, than I felt how foolish, how pitiful was such a dread; and that I might as well have feared going into the sunshine, or into the presence of any other agent, however powerful, that is the source of general health and happiness. To our surprise, we found we were expected. Confalonieri is in Geneva, and, expecting to intercept us, has delayed for some days his return to Paris. After an hour we came away perfectly satisfied. Not a look, a word, or tone of voice had reminded us that we were meeting for the first time. We seemed naturally, and with the glow of personal intercourse, to be carrying on the thread of an acquaintance that we had been all our lives weaving. I can say nothing truer, nor to you more expressive, than that the atmosphere of home seemed to enfold us. You would like to know how M. Sismondi looks. I can tell you that he is short, stout, and rather thick; that he has a dark complexion, plenty of black hair, and brilliant hazel eyes; and then you will have just about as adequate a notion of his soul-like face as you would have of the beauty of Monument Mountain, the Housatonic, and our meadows, if you had never seen the sun shine upon them or the shadows playing over them. * * Sismondi rarely dines out, and 'has not,' Madame S. says, 'in his life drunk a half glass of wine beyond what was good for him; and surely he has his reward in a clear head, and unshaken hand. He is sixty-seven. Madame S. expressed her regret that he was so near the allotted term of life, while 'he had yet so much to do.' 'I wish,' she added, playfully, 'that I were nineteen, and my husband twenty-one.' Sismondi replied, that he should not care to live his life over again; 'it had been so happy he should not dare to trust the chances.' * * He spoke in terms of high commendation of Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, but he thought Mr. P. had painted his heroine queen *en beau*, and he went on to express his detestation of her bigotry, and his horror of its tremendous effects. We women contended for her conjugal and maternal character. 'And what,' he asked, 'had she done for her children but educate a mad woman?' Madame S. reminded him of Catharine of Aragon. 'But she,' he said, 'was not Isabella's daughter.' We all smiled, and I said that I was glad to find him at fault in a point of history. 'Ah!' he replied, 'history for me is divided into two parts: that which I have written and forgotten, and that which I have not written and have not yet learned.' * * I asked if the working classes here were making progress. He said 'No; on the contrary, there was less development of mind than fifty years ago, for then there existed a law, now annulled, forbidding a master workman to employ more than two journeymen. Now the tendency of things is to make great capitalists, and to reduce the mass of men to mere "mechanicals." As to progress with the peasantry, that was quite out of the question.' What a strange and death-like condition this seems to us! When I think of the new, the singularly happy condition of our people among the working classes of the world, I am vexed at their solemn, anxious faces."

"But we have seen something here that will probably interest you more than all the pictures in Italy, Silvio Pellico. He lives near Turin, as librarian to a certain marchesa. We wrote him a note, and asked the privilege of paying our respects to him, on the ground of being able to give him news of his friends, and our dear friends, the exiles, who were his companions at Spielberg. He came immediately to us. He is of low stature, and slightly made: a sort of etching of a man, with delicate and symmetrical features, just enough body to gravitate and keep

the spirit from its natural upward flight—a more shadowy Dr. Channing! His manners have a sweetness, gentleness, and low tone, that correspond well with his spiritual appearance. He was gratified with our good tidings of his friends, and much interested with our account of his godchild, Maroncelli's little Silvia. His parents have died within a year or two.—'Dieu m'a fait la grace,' he said, 'de les revoir en sortant de la prison. Dieu fait tout pour notre mieux; c'est cette conviction qui m'a soutenu et qui me soutient encore.' In reply to his saying that he lived a life of retirement, and had few acquaintances in Turin, we told him that he had friends all over the world. 'That proves,' he said, 'that there are everywhere belles ames.' His looks, his manner, his voice, and every word he spoke, were in harmony with his book, certainly one of the most remarkable productions of our day. I have been very sorry to hear some of his countrymen speak distrustfully of Pellico, and express an opinion—a reluctant one—that he had sunk into willing subjection to political despotism and priestly craft. It is even said that he has joined the order of Jesuits. I do not believe this, nor have I heard any evidence adduced in support of it that tends to invalidate the proof of the incorruptibility of Pellico's soul contained in *Le Mie Prigioni*. He is a saint that cannot fall from grace. There seems to me nothing in his present unqualified submission incompatible with his former history and professions."

"We went in the evening, by his appointment, to Manzoni's. The Italian seems to indemnify himself for not roving over the world by walling in a little world of his own, which he calls a house. We were shown through a suite of empty apartments to the drawing-room, where we found Manzoni, his mother, wife, and children, and all the shows and appliances of comfortable domestic life. Manzoni is a little past fifty, with an intellectual and rather handsome face, and a striking expression of goodness. His manner is gentlemanly and modest, not shy, as we had been told. Indeed, his reputation for shyness and fondness for seclusion induced us to decline a very kind invitation to pass a day at his country place. We thought it but common humanity not to take advantage of his readiness to honour Confalonieri's draft in our behalf on his hospitality—now I regret an irremediable opportunity lost. He was cordial in his manners, and frank and fluent in his conversation. He and his mother (the daughter of Beccaria), a superb looking old lady, expressed an intelligent interest in our country, and poured out their expressions of gratitude for what they were pleased to term our kindness to their exiles, as if we had cherished their own lost children. I put in a disclaimer, saying, you know how truly, that we considered it a most happy chance that had made us intimately acquainted with men who were an honour to their species. Manzoni said this was all very well in relation to Confalonieri; he came to us with his renown; but, as to the rest, we must have been ignorant of everything about them but their sufferings. 'G.,' he said, 'has found a country with you; and he deserves it, for he is an angel upon earth.' When I responded earnestly, he replied with a significant laugh, 'Now that you know what our *mauvais sujets* are, you can imagine what our honest men must be!'—Manzoni had not heard of the American translation of the Promessi Sposi, and he seemed gratified that his fame was extending over the New World. Would that it could go fairly forth without the shackles of a translation. He told us some interesting anecdotes of Beccaria. He said he was so indolent that he never wrote without being in some sort forced upon it; that his celebrated essay on criminal law was procured by the energetic management of a friend who invited him to his house, and locked him up, declaring he should not come out till he had written down his inestimable thoughts on that subject. Beccaria good-naturedly acquiesced, and the work was actually finished in this friendly prison. 'And much reason,' Madame Manzoni (the elder) said, 'my father had to rejoice in it, for he often received letters of most grateful acknowledgment from individuals who had profited by the humane doctrines of his book.'"

By way of concluding our notice, we shall give a pair of specimens of Miss Sedgwick's skill in handling Italian subjects:—

"If I had your powers of description in this way, dear C., or Cruikshank's of illustration, I would give you a letter worth having on the beggars of Rome. The Italian has sentiment in his nature, and the beggar expresses it in the form of his petition. His 'Non m'abbandonate,' and 'Carita, signora, per l'amor di questa imagine!' kindle your imagination if not your heart. How I should like to show you the fellow who sits, like a monarch on his throne, on the stairs of the *Piazza di Spagna*, and whose smile, disclosing teeth strong enough to grind all the grist in Rome, and his hearty salutation 'Buon giorno, signor,' are well worth the *baio* he asks much more as a right than a favour. He is an old receiver of customs, and is well known to have a full treasury. 'How dare you beg of me,' asked Mr. G., 'when you are already so rich?' 'Ah, signor, I have my donkey to feed.' 'You are well able to feed your donkey.' 'But I have my nine children, signor.' There is no answer to be made to a fellow who confesses to such luxury! Then there is the poor moiety of a man whose trunk (*torso*!), trussed on to a circular bit of wood slightly concave, comes daily down our street of St. Vitale at a jocular pace; and the two old cronies at *Santa Maria Maggiore* who hobble towards you with a sort of pas-de-deux, and seem as well content that one should get your *baio* as the other, 'equal to either fortune.' They are probably partners in the trade. And there is the handsome youth by the French Academy, who has been dying with a 'sagne di bocca' (spitting of blood) for the last fifteen years without any apparent diminution of the vital current! And the little troop of mountain-peasants, whose hunting-ground is somewhere about the American consul's, with their bewitching smiles, sweet voices, and most winning ways; a genuine lover of happy young faces ought to pay them for a sight of theirs. Even beggary is picturesque here."

Another scene, taken from the brilliant shores of the Bay of Naples, and we have done:—

"We had left our carriage and gone up through a defile to get a view of the queen's oyster-eating lodge; and when we returned, our merry troop, clamouring and laughing, met us half way. Would that I could describe the scene to you, my dear C.! but I can only give you the materials, and you must make out the picture for yourself. On one side were the ruins of temples, on the other the monstrous foundations of mouldering villas; before us the bay, and Vesuvius with its blue wreath of smoke, and the Apennines brilliant in their caps of snow, and Capri far off in the bay, so soft and dreamy that it seemed melting away while we were gazing at it; and clouds were driving over us, with fitful sunbeams glancing through them. Our merry followers were joined by an old woman, with a bright red handkerchief tied over her grisly locks. She was the living image of Raphael's Cumaean Sibyl; the same wrinkled brow, and channelled cheeks, and unquenched energy burning in her eye; the resemblance was perfect, even to the two protruding teeth. She was sitting on the fragment of a marble column, holding above her head a tambourine, on which she was playing one of the wild airs to which they dance the tarantella, and accompanying it with her cracked voice. To this music the gleeful bare-legged girl I have described to you, having seized a strapping companion, was dancing a tarantella around L., who, though far enough from a Bacchus or Faun, has in his face much of the joyousness of these genial and jovial worthies. My merry girl danced and shouted like a frantic Bacchante. I never saw a mouth so expressive of glee, nor an eye whose brightness was so near the wildness of insanity; there were children with tangled locks of motley brown and gold, and eyes like precious stones, leaping and clapping their hands, and joining in the old woman's chorus; and my pretty mate was among them, with a chastened mirth and eloquent silence. Apart stood four girls, as grave and fixed as Caryatides, with immense piles of brush on their heads, which they had just brought down from the hills; and we pilgrims from the cold North were looking on. L., who had begun by regarding our followers as troublesome sellers of 'cose molto curiose,' had by degrees given himself up to the spirit of the scene. The floodgates of poetry, and of sympathy with these wild children of the South, were opened; and over his face there was an indescribable shade of melancholy, as if by magic he

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were beholding the elder and classic time, and that were an actual perception which before had been imperfectly transmitted by poetry, painting and sculpture. He threw a shower of silver among the happy creatures, and we drove off."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

What to Observe, by J. R. Jackson.—The object of this work is to supply travellers with precise directions for ascertaining the geographical features, natural capabilities, social state, and political condition of the countries they visit. It is a guide which every traveller may use, either in whole or in part, as best suits his inclination; well calculated to excite attention to the wide field of physical and moral research which every foreign country offers to an intelligent visitor, and will suggest to the listless means of pleasurable excitement, useful to himself and advantageous to others. The chief fault is, that the author has aimed at too much; 600 closely-printed pages are likely to daunt and discourage the class to which these directions would be most profitable.

The Ancient Régime, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols.—The last two years have, as the *Edinburgh Review* remarks, in an article on the 'Cecil' no-mystery, been singularly fruitful in good novels, and 'The Ancient Régime' may be added to the number. There is some melo-dramatic haste and accumulation of incident, it is true, in the winding up of the story; but, otherwise, the tale is interesting, and written with a pen bearing as few traces of wear and tear, as if it were only a second, instead of a twenty-second or thirty-second work. Legitimately interesting 'The Ancient Régime' may be called, in the wholesome sense of the word. Mr. James is, perhaps, the only man among his contemporaries who could concoct a fiction, the time of which is the reign of Louis Quinze,—the scene, in part Paris, with its police offices and prisons,—in part Versailles, with the *Eil de Beuf* and its neighbouring *Parc*; and numbering among its personages, the frivolous and debauched monarch himself, the infamous Lebel, his *valet*, and one of the most profligate nobles of his most profligate court,—and still, without blinking the truth, or escaping from one condition attendant on such time, scene, and *dramatis personæ*, produce a work void of all offence. What an example this, to sundry modern English,—what a contrast, to most of the modern French, novelists! Too many of the latter are unable to pourtray the simplest and most innocent passage of domestic life and affection, without forcing into view "the trail of the serpent," and expatiating on all the dark thoughts and evil passions, which, though they may indeed arise to trouble the secret depths of the heart, do not always exhibit themselves in action, as these maligners of humanity would have us believe. But, for the sake of the real Paris, of which Sand, Balzac, Sue, and *les autres*, are (in this point of view) the melancholy exponents, we must not wander too wide from the Paris painted by Mr. James. In the opening scenes of the novel, the filigree-worker's household, and the shop of his churlish and usurious employer, Gaultier Fiteau, the goldsmith, with the dark catastrophe which befell that harsh and penurious man, are painted in Mr. James's best manner, and afford that very prelude of mystery which is so pleasant to encounter in the first pages of a novel. Then we have a *blasé* and philosophic Abbé, who adopts the filigree-worker's infant child; this transaction, too, being managed with a finger-on-the-lip significance (to coin an epithet, in the fashion of 'Cecil' and Mrs. G.) which promises future entanglements, difficulties, and much suspense. To these early scenes succeed the youth of the maiden—her beauty—her love and her lover. In the latter capacity Ernest de Nogent satisfies us; and between his chivalrous honour and bravery, and the sagacity and affection of her guardian, we have, from the first, no fear that the snares laid by the iniquitous Baron de Cajarre will ultimately prevail. But whether our confidence is rightly reposed or not, in this "pretty gentleman," Mr. James must declare, not the *Athenæum*. The latter has done its part, when it has recommended 'The Ancient Régime' as watering-place reading of superior quality.

The Secret Foe, an Historical Novel, by Miss Ellen Pickering, 3 vols.—We remember every scene of 'Woodstock,' the sermon of Trusty Tomkins, and the supper where wild Louis Kernegy appears, in-

cluded. On its publication, too, we gave a hearty, though brief, welcome to 'Oliver Cromwell,' as one of the best historical novels which had appeared since the master hand of the Magician was laid in Dryburgh burial-ground. But bearing fully in mind the efforts both of Scott and the anonymous writer, we have still something to say in praise of this last of Miss Ellen Pickering's many tales. As our preamble imports, it relates to the troublous times of the Commonwealth. The main scenes of this novel are laid at Bulford and Heale House, at which latter mansion the hunted King did, in historical reality, contrive to elude his pursuers. The conjunctions of the main personages—seeing that the heroine is a Royalist and the hero a Roundhead—could hardly fail to be the same as those betwixt Scott's Markham Everard and Alice Lee; or, in other words, the course of true love troubled by loyal self-sacrifice on the maiden's side, on the gentleman's by jealous suspicion. In both novels, too, the hero is represented as falling under the Protector's displeasure, for the double-dealing part he appears to take in abetting the King's escape; in both, he is ultimately cleared and forgiven. But though we refer to a familiar work for the purpose of concisely indicating the nature of a new one, let us not be misconstrued as charging Miss Pickering with imitation, voluntary or unintentional. The events of the time were such as to lead only to one issue; and be the details varied ever so skilfully, the principal inventions of a tale referring to the Civil Wars must be according to one pattern. Her novel is clever, and carefully written: and yet, in a supplementary note of explanation and appeal, we find Miss Pickering describing herself as "weary of writing,"—an inevitable consequence of the ceaseless authorship to which she has devoted herself, but not, as 'The Secret Foe' proves, the inevitable precursor of weariness on the part of her readers.

Christ and Antichrist, a Poem, in Seven Cantos, by a Layman.—It is difficult to determine whether the author's object is jest or earnest. On consideration of the probabilities, however, we are induced to believe that the work is intended to throw ridicule on the eloquence of Exeter Hall, by putting into rhyme the extravagancies of the antipapal orators. Such a mode of warfare is at all times unfair; and few have carried it to such unjust lengths as the anonymous author of the Seven Cantos. If, as we suppose, the work was intended as a parody, it must fail from exaggeration; if, as the preface declares, as a barrier against Popery, the author comes not under our jurisdiction.

Romanism and Anglo-Catholicism, by J. Sortain, A.B.—These Lectures were delivered at Brighton by a Non-conformist preacher, who left the Church of England to join the Presbyterians; they excited at the time much local attention and newspaper controversy, but in their published form they are not likely to make any strong impression. The public is weary of the Tractarian controversy; indeed, the pamphlets to which No. XC. has given rise, are sufficient to weary a much more patient generation.

On the Eucharist, by J. Goodman.—The author contends that the Eucharist was not ordained by Christ as a sacrament, nor even enjoined as a commemorative rite. His arguments are ingenious, but not very convincing.

List of New Books.—Combe's (Dr. A.) *Physiology of Health*, new edit. royal 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Darley's (G.) *Geometrical Companion*, new edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—China, by Samuel Kidd, with Drawings, from native works, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Caswall on Copyholds, new edit. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Hears on the Grape Vine, new edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—James's Ancient Régime, a Tale, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland, new edit. fe. 8s. 6d. bds.—The Spirit of the Woods, new edit. 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Whicheston's (H. M.) *Student's Guide, or Elements of Drawing*, &c. oblong. 7s. 6d. cl.—Redstone's *Guide to Guernsey*, 18mo. 2s. cl.—D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation*, translated by W. K. Kelly, Esq. Part I. royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—*Aménities of Literature*, by I. D'Israeli, 3 vols. 8vo. 36s. bds.—*Patchwork*, by Capt. Basil Hall, new edit. 3 vols. 18mo. 15s. cl.—*Letters from Abroad*, by Miss Sedgwick, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 21s. bds.—*Downing's Landscape Gardening*, 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Anthony's Classical Dictionary*, royal 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—*The Holiday Book*, by William Martin, sq. 6s. cl.—*Flugel's German-English and English-German Dictionary*, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s. cl.—*Coleman's Christian Antiquities*, 8vo. 15s. cl.—*Bird's* (the Rev. C. S.) *Lent Lectures*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Brief Memoir of the late Mrs. Stevens*, by her Sister, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—*Evening Readings for Day Scholars*, by Mrs. Tuckfield, "Proverbs," &c. 12mo. 1s. 6d. sew.—*Watts's Psalms and Hymns*, large print, demy 8vo. 12s. fd.

THE FRENCH ARMY AT CARNAK.

It was where Carnak's temples stood,
Lit by the early dawn,—
But from their depth of solitude
Even Memnon's voice was gone;
For time had hushed his lyre at last,
Though still in marble pride
Far was his lonely shadow cast
Upon the desert wide.

Then rose a sound on that still air
Like some far rushing stream,
As with their conquering eagles there
The Gallic legions came:
They came where time had lost his power
To waste on Theban walls,
But hung the hush of ages o'er
Her long forsaken halls.

And like deep voices from the past,
The ancient echoes woke,
As, all at once, that stranger host
Their joy and wonder spoke.
There were the young, the brave, the wise,
A nation's gathered might;
But well might every heart rejoice
To see that glorious sight.

In one brief moment all forgot
Their onward path of war,
Or, it might be, remembered not
The land of vines afar;
For long that silent city's fame
Had o'er the nations shone—
How would she rise upon their dreams,
For ever vast and lone!

And what were thy deep thoughts that hour,
Chief of those warrior men?
Were they of ancient thrones and power,
Or of the desert then?
Or did old Thebes, upon the earth
The mightiest desolate,
In her dim silence shadow forth
Thy far and future fate?

None—none can tell.—But morning light
A wondrous splendour shed,
Around that host of banners bright,
And City of the Dead:
But they left her by the lonely Nile,
Where burns the Affric day;
And the glory of the desert still
She stands,—but where are they?

F. B.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE urgency with which the artists of Paris have demanded from M. Daguerre information respecting his new discovery, announced by us some months ago, appears to have forced a communication from him earlier than he would, himself, have chosen to make it—his experiments not being complete—not having yielded, as yet, perfect evidences of the extraordinary artistic results which he expects from them. M. Arago, at the sitting of the 28th ult. explained to the Academy the new principle of which the discovery consists, but on the authority of M. Daguerre alone, and without the production of any specimens in proof of his assertions. Contrary to what we had before imagined, M. Arago withholds the sanction of his authority, declaring that he has not, himself, seen any of the experiments or results;—but the principle itself is one of greater importance in its scientific bearing, than for any artistic application of which it is susceptible. The history and description of the discovery is as follows:—"Abandoning the search, in which so many have been engaged, after some fresh substance more sensitive to the action of light than those hitherto employed, M. Daguerre submitted his plate, merely washed with iodine, in the ordinary manner, to the influence of electricity; and found that it had attained such an excessive degree of sensibility, that no mechanism exists sufficiently rapid in its action to expose it uniformly to the impression of light—that is, a plate so electrified and placed in the camera obscura undergoes, during the one unappreciable moment occupied in opening and shutting the diaphragm which covers the objective glass, such varied degrees of impression, that the portion first brought into contact with the

light is already too profoundly marked ere it can touch the later portions. The result is a confused and clouded image. To meet the difficulty, M. Daguerre states that he has employed a substance (which, however, he does not name) less sensitive than the ordinary combination of iodine with silver; and, in the next, instead of subjecting his plate to the continued action of the electric fluid, he admits the intervention of this mysterious agent for a single instant only. In more precise terms, the plate so prepared and disposed in the camera, may be exposed, without injury, to the action of the light for a certain time; and to communicate to it the exquisite sensibility in question, a single electric spark suffices, after which, the plate resuming its inertness, time is afforded to withdraw it from the influence of the light—and the operation is complete. It is not easy to imagine the artistic effects which will result from this remarkable discovery;—from the rapid action of the electric spark, vast assemblages of men, in the moment of animation and impulse, may be caught for eternity, with the gesture of the moment in the limbs, and its expression on the lips of each. History may be written, by picture, even while its deeds are acting; and nature, in her subtlest movements, be painted by herself. M. Daguerre, however, is not satisfied with such results as he has yet obtained; and, in yielding to the demand for his secret, has declined confirming it by his specimens, till he has succeeded in making them perfect. Meantime, the important part of his communication is the scientific phenomenon, itself—this wonderful effect of electricity on the chemical combination, exposed to the action of the rays of light.

At home, we have also been enabled to announce important discoveries lately in reference to this subject, and we refer our readers to our report of papers read at the Royal Society, in this day's *Athenæum*, for the interesting particulars of Mr. Talbot's process, and an announcement from Mr. Claudet.

There has been hitherto no college or collegiate establishment of repute or otherwise, which has offered, together with instruction in literature and science, the peculiar instruction necessary to prepare young men for the profession of Architecture. In several places, the intending engineer is offered instruction in the peculiar learning necessary to the Hydraulic Architect and Machinist, and this has been eagerly sought after; but there is a large number of youths annually taken from school, and placed in architects' offices, wholly unprepared by previous training for the study, or practice rather, upon which they enter. In addition to the general learning necessary to enable a young man to claim a place in society as a gentleman, young men intended for a profession require instruction to fit them to enter with advantage upon the practical study which the hospital offers to the physician, the conveyancer's or special pleader's office to the lawyer, and the offices of the architect and engineer to those who desire to become architects and engineers. We observe, therefore, with pleasure, that King's College has, within the last session, offered all that is essential to the preliminary education of the Architect, except those things which are peculiar to him as distinguished from the Hydraulic Architect or Civil Engineer—Mathematics and Mechanics, with direct reference to construction; Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy, with reference to the substances of which the Architect has to direct the use; the combination of such substances in constructing Geometrical and Perspective Drawing and Land Surveying. It remained only to add instructions in the principles and practice of Architecture, in specifying, estimating, measuring, and surveying. To supply these desiderata the present Professorship of the Arts of Construction in connexion with Civil Engineering and Architecture, has been changed to that of the Principles and Practice of Architecture and of the Arts of Construction in connexion with Civil Engineering, and an assistant to the Professor has been appointed, upon whom will devolve the details of specifying, estimating, measuring, and architectural or building surveying. The drawing of ornament or of architectural enrichment will be taught under the direction of the Professor of the Arts of Design, and an Artist is charged with the instruction of the Architectural Class in Picturesque and Landscape Drawing.

The three Committees that grew up like mushrooms in a night, to do honour to the name of Sir

David Wilkie, have, with great propriety, united themselves into one, and Sir Martin Archer Shee, Sir William Newton, and Mr. Allan Cunningham, content for a time with starting the subscription, and finding an active treasurer in Sir Peter Laurie, are waiting till Parliament assembles, when Sir Robert Peel has kindly consented to preside at a public meeting. A statue like that of Flaxman, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's, and for the same building, is talked of; but the subscription, let us hope, will allow the Committee to do something more; and we would recommend the National Gallery, not for the beauty of the position, but the propriety of the place, as a fitter spot to erect a tribute to the great painter than St. Paul's, where there are few good lights, and those already occupied. A subscription is also talked of, for purchasing a good picture in Wilkie's later style, to present to the National Gallery, where his 'Blind Fiddler' and 'Village Festival' already are and deserve to be. But there will be some difficulty, we fear, in this, for a good Wilkie never wanted a purchaser, even while wet on the easel. The Artist's death too has given his works an additional value, but the object of the purchase may induce some noble-hearted proprietor to part with one: for we have no fear that, when the picture for presentation is named, the money will be wanting.

From Paris we also hear that the Academy of Fine Arts has elected Col. Howard Vyse to succeed the late Sir David Wilkie as one of their Corresponding Members; and that M. Klagmann's vase, executed for the Duke of Orleans, and to be run for at Goodwood, has been dispatched to this country, after being exhibited for two days in the *salon* of the Jockey Club at Paris.—Speaking of art, we may state, that M. Barre, engraver to the French Mint, has finished the execution of a medal, to be bestowed as a recompense on those individuals who shall have contributed to preserve historical monuments from destruction;—and the mention of historical monuments suggests that of the discovery, during the excavations at Beaucaire, of the vestiges of an ancient temple, and a very fine fragment of a statue of Jupiter.—The Paris papers speak, likewise, of a simple but valuable mechanical invention, by MM. Krieglstein and Charles Plantade,—of an instrument whereby pianos are tuned with the utmost precision, and brought without difficulty into harmony.

It appears, from a letter published by the director of the Marseilles Theatre, that Mademoiselle Rachel's prolonged stay with us has subjected her, by the terms of her contract with him, to a penalty of fifteen thousand francs, as forfeit-money.—To this *morceau* of dramatic news, we may add, that the French papers publish also a letter from Rubini to a private friend in Paris, announcing his probable retirement from the stage after the present London season, and his intention in that case to make a tour (not professional, it would seem,) throughout the principal cities of Europe.

The *Milan Gazette* contains a decree of the Emperor of Austria, re-establishing the ancient order of St. John of Jerusalem, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and restoring to its Knights several former properties of the order,—including the ancient church and priory of the Knights of St. John, at Venice.—And a letter from Topitz speaks of the sudden cessation, after a violent tempest, of the abundant spring of mineral water, known as 'The New Spring,'—a phenomenon attributed to the volcanic movements which, about the same period, were felt at various points of southern Italy.

Thorwaldsen is at Dresden, receiving there the honours which accompany the whole of his progress. At the Theatre Royal, where he was present by order of the King, the curtain rose between the performances, and the actor Maininger recited verses composed in his honour.

This, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, is emphatically the age of inventions—each new one bringing further proof how miserably man has mistaken, for all the past ages of the world, the range of his faculties, and the limits to his sphere of action. At present, we travel the earth like giants, and sail through the air like genii; and, if all be true that the Stockholm papers aver, our pedestrians have a new path opened up to their exercises, and may set out when they please, on a walking-excursion to

America. An inventor of that city, Lieut. Hookenberg, has astonished his good people by taking a quiet walk, "elegantly dressed, and with a cigar in his mouth," upon Lake Meler, just where its waters fall into the port of Stockholm. He had a stick in his hand, which he used as a sort of oar, and on his feet small skiffs, something like the species of skates which the Swedes call *skidor*, six or seven Swedish ells in length, and about four inches broad.

Letters from Vera Cruz of 22nd Feb. mention that the Danish botanist Liebman and his companion Rathack had arrived there, both well, and preparing to set out into the interior. The naturalist Baron Karwinski was to be of the party. The travellers had encountered unexpected difficulties in the anarchic state of the country, but hoped by perseverance to accomplish the purpose of their journey. Baron Karwinski is already known for his mining undertakings in Mexico; he was residing till last autumn at his residence near Munich, when he took his departure on this new voyage, with an ample allowance from the court of Russia, to whom he is to communicate the result of his botanical and natural researches. Private letters have been received in Germany, stating that he had unfortunately been shipwrecked on the Bahama Isles, and lost the greater part of his valuable baggage, which accident, however, had not deterred him from proceeding on his journey.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Collection of Pictures from the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools; also the works of the deceased English Artists, Sir J. Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Hogarth, and a Selection from the pencil of the late Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A. IS OPEN TILL TEN in the Morning till Six in the Evening. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, (FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL, next the British Institution,) OPEN from 9 o'clock till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The TWO NEW PICTURES now exhibiting, represent the Interior of the CATHEDRAL OF AUCH, in the South of France, and the SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, taken from a sketch made on the spot by D. Roberts, R.A. in 1838, with various effects of light and shade. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux. Open from Ten till Five.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—CARY'S DISSOLVING ORRERY, and the NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, of increased beauty (executed by Wrench and Smith), with appropriate Music. SIXTY of BAKWISSE and BAIN'S ELECTRIC CLOCKS and MAGNETS working at the expense of 2d. per week. MONAID'S PATENTED CLOCKS, the PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS, and nearly Two Thousand Works, which display eminent art, science, and ingenuity. The Microscope, Diver and Diving Bell, Popular Lectures and Beautiful Experiments. CANTON and other beautiful COSMOGRAPHIC VIEWS in the Evenings, in addition to all the interesting subjects of the Morning.—Open at half-past Ten in the Morning, and Seven in the Evening. Admission, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 10.—The Most Noble the Marquis of Westminster, Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., Edward Blore, Esq., Samuel Seward, Esq., and Alfred Smea, Esq., have been elected into the Society.

The following papers have been read.

1. 'Magnetic-term Observations made at Milan, on the 21st and 22nd of April, 1841.' Communicated by Professor Carlini.
 2. 'Register of Tidal Observations made at Prince of Wales's Island, in July, August and September, 1840.'
 3. 'Register of Tidal Observations made at Singapore in July, August and September, 1840.'
 4. 'On the Anatomy and Physiology of certain structures in the Orbit, not previously described.' By J. M. Ferrall, Esq.
 5. 'An account of some recent improvements in Photography.' By H. F. Talbot, Esq.
- The author had originally intended, in giving an account of his recent experiments in photography, to have entered into numerous details with respect to the phenomena observed; but finding that to follow out this plan would occupy a considerable time, he has thought that it would be best to put the Society, in the first place, in possession of the principal facts, and by so doing perhaps invite new observers into the field during the present favourable season for making experiments. He has, therefore, confined himself at present to a description of the improved photographic method, to which he has given the name of *Calotype*, and reserves for another occasion all remarks on the theory of the process. The following is the method of obtaining the *Calotype* pictures.

Preparation of the Paper.—Take a sheet of the best writing paper, having a smooth surface, and a close and even texture. The watermark, if any, should be cut off, lest it should injure the appearance of the picture. Dissolve 100 grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in six ounces of distilled water. Wash the paper with this solution, with a soft brush, on one side, and put a mark on that side whereby to know it again. Dry the paper cautiously at a distant fire, or else let it dry spontaneously in a dark room. When dry, or nearly so, dip it into a solution of iodide of potassium containing 500 grains of that salt dissolved in one pint of water, and let it stay two or three minutes in this solution. Then dip it into a vessel of water, dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and finish drying it at a fire, which will not injure it even if held pretty near; or else it may be left to dry spontaneously. All this is best done in the evening by candlelight. The paper so far prepared the author calls *iodized paper*, because it has a uniform pale yellow coating of iodide of silver. It is scarcely sensitive to light, but nevertheless, it ought to be kept in a portfolio or a drawer, until wanted for use. It may be kept for any length of time without spoiling or undergoing any change, if protected from the light. This is the first part of the preparation of Calotype paper, and may be performed at any time. The remaining part is best deferred until shortly before the paper is wanted for use. When that time is arrived, take a sheet of the *iodized paper* and wash it with a liquid prepared in the following manner:—Dissolve 100 grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in two ounces of distilled water; add to this solution one-sixth of its volume of strong acetic acid. Let this mixture be called A. Make a saturated solution of crystallized gallic acid in cold distilled water. The quantity dissolved is very small. Call this solution B. When a sheet of paper is wanted for use, mix together the liquids A and B in equal volumes, but only mix a small quantity of them at a time, because the mixture does not keep long without spoiling. I shall call this mixture the *Gallo-nitrate of silver*. Then take a sheet of *iodized paper* and wash it over with this *gallo-nitrate of silver*, with a soft brush, taking care to wash it on the side which has been previously marked. This operation should be performed by candlelight. Let the paper rest half a minute, and then dip it into water. Then dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and finally dry it cautiously at a fire, holding it at a considerable distance therefrom. When dry, the paper is fit for use. The author has named the paper thus prepared *Calotype paper*, on account of its great utility in obtaining the pictures of objects with the camera obscura. If this paper be kept in a press it will often retain its qualities in perfection for three months or more, being ready for use at any moment; but this is not uniformly the case, and the author therefore recommends that it should be used in a few hours after it has been prepared. If it is used immediately, the last drying may be dispensed with, and the paper may be used moist. Instead of employing a solution of crystallized gallic acid for the liquid B, the tincture of galls diluted with water may be used, but he does not think the results are altogether so satisfactory.

Use of the Paper.—The *Calotype paper* is sensitive to light in an extraordinary degree, which transcends a hundred times or more that of any kind of photographic paper hitherto described. This may be made manifest by the following experiment:—Take a piece of this paper, and having covered half of it, expose the other half to daylight for the space of *one second* in dark cloudy weather in winter. This brief moment suffices to produce a strong impression upon the paper. But the impression is latent and invisible, and its existence would not be suspected by any one who was not forewarned of it by previous experiments. The method of causing the impression to become visible is extremely simple. It consists in washing the paper once more with the *gallo-nitrate of silver*, prepared in the way before described, and then warming it gently before the fire. In a few seconds the part of the paper upon which the light has acted begins to darken, and finally grows entirely black, while the other part of the paper retains its whiteness. Even a weaker impression than this may be brought out by repeating the wash of gallo-nitrate of silver, and again warming the paper. On the other hand, a stronger

impression does not require the warming of the paper, for a wash of the gallo-nitrate suffices to make it visible, without heat, in the course of a minute or two. A very remarkable proof of the sensitiveness of the Calotype paper is afforded by the fact stated by the author, that it will take an impression from simple moonlight, not concentrated by a lens. If a leaf is laid upon a sheet of the paper, an image of it may be obtained in this way in from a quarter to half an hour. This paper being possessed of so high a degree of sensitiveness, is therefore well suited to receive images in the camera obscura. If the aperture of the object-lens is one inch, and the focal length fifteen inches, the author finds that *one minute* is amply sufficient in summer to impress a strong image upon the paper of any building upon which the sun is shining. When the aperture amounts to one-third of the focal length, and the object is very white, as a plaster bust, &c., it appears to him that *one second* is sufficient to obtain a pretty good image of it. The images thus received upon the Calotype paper are for the most part invisible impressions. They may be made visible by the process already related, namely, by washing them with the gallo-nitrate of silver, and then warming the paper. When the paper is quite blank, as is generally the case, it is a highly curious and beautiful phenomenon to see the spontaneous commencement of the picture, first tracing out the stronger outlines, and then gradually filling up all the numerous and complicated details. The artist should watch the picture as it develops itself, and when in his judgment it has attained the greatest degree of strength and clearness, he should stop further progress by washing it with the fixing liquid.

The fixing process.—To fix the picture, it should be first washed with water, then lightly dried with blotting paper, and then washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, containing 100 grains of that salt dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water. After a minute or two it should be again dipped in water and then finally dried. The picture is in this manner very strongly fixed, and with this great advantage, that it remains transparent, and that, therefore, there is no difficulty in obtaining a copy from it. The Calotype picture is a *negative* one, in which the lights of nature are represented by shades; but the copies are *positive*, having the lights conformable to nature. They also represent the objects in their natural position with respect to right and left. The copies may be made upon Calotype paper in a very short time, the invisible impressions being brought out in the way already described. But the author prefers to make the copies upon photographic paper prepared in the way which he originally described in a memoir read to the Royal Society in February 1839, and which is made by washing the best writing paper, first with a weak solution of common salt, and next with a solution of nitrate of silver. Although it takes a much longer time to obtain a copy upon this paper, yet, when obtained, the tints appear more harmonious and pleasing to the eye; it requires in general from three minutes to thirty minutes of sunshine, according to circumstances, to obtain a good copy on this sort of photographic paper. The copy should be washed and dried, and the fixing process (which may be deferred to a subsequent day) is the same as that already mentioned. The copies are made by placing the picture upon the photographic paper, with a board below and a sheet of glass above, and pressing the papers into close contact by means of screws or otherwise. After a Calotype picture has furnished several copies, it sometimes grows faint, and no more good copies can then be made from it. But these pictures possess the beautiful and extraordinary property of being susceptible of revival. In order to revive them and restore their original appearance, it is only necessary to wash them again by candlelight with gallo-nitrate of silver, and warm them; this causes all the shades of the picture to darken greatly, while the white parts remain unaffected. The shaded parts of the paper thus acquire an opacity which gives a renewed spirit and life to the copies, of which a second series may now be taken, extending often to a very considerable number. In reviving the picture it sometimes happens that various details make their appearance which had not before been seen, having been latent all the time, yet nevertheless not destroyed by their long exposure to sunshine. The author terminates these observations by stating a few experiments calculated

to render the mode of action of the sensitive paper more familiar.—1. Wash a piece of the *iodized paper* with the gallo-nitrate; expose it to daylight for a second or two, and then withdraw it. The paper will soon begin to darken spontaneously, and will grow quite black. 2. The same as before, but let the paper be warmed. The blackening will be more rapid in consequence of the warmth. 3. Put a large drop of the gallo-nitrate on one part of the paper and moisten another part of it more sparingly, then leave it exposed to a very faint daylight; it will be found that the lesser quantity produces the greater effect in darkening the paper; and in general, it will be seen that the most rapid darkening takes place at the moment when the paper becomes nearly dry; also, if only a portion of the paper is moistened, it will be observed that the edges or boundaries of the moistened part are more acted on by light than any other part of the surface. 4. If the paper, after being moistened with the gallo-nitrate, is washed with water and dried, a slight exposure to daylight no longer suffices to produce so much discoloration; indeed it often produces none at all. But by subsequently washing it again with the gallo-nitrate and warming it, the same degree of discoloration is developed as in the other case (experiments 1 and 2). The dry paper appears, therefore, to be equal, or superior in sensitiveness to the moist; only with this difference, that it receives a *virtual* instead of an *actual* impression from the light, which it requires a subsequent process to develop.

6. 'New mode of preparation of the Daguerreo-type Plates, by which portraits can be taken in the short space of time from five to fifteen seconds, according to the power of light, discovered by A. Claudet in the beginning of May 1841.—"My improvement," says the author, "consists in using for the preparation of the plates, a combination of chlorine with iodine, in the state of chloride of iodine. I follow the preparation recommended by Daguerre. After having put the plate in the iodine box for a short time, and before it has acquired any appearance of yellow colour, I take it out, and pass it for about two seconds over the opening of a bottle containing chloride of iodine; and immediately I put it again in the iodine box, where it acquires very soon the yellow colour, which shows that the plate is ready to be placed into the camera obscura. I have substituted to the chloride of iodine, chloride of bromine, and have found nearly the same result; but I prefer chloride of iodine as producing a better effect; and besides, on account of the noxious smell of bromine. The result of my preparation is such that I have operated in ten seconds with the same apparatus which, without any chlorine, required four or five minutes; when using only the original preparation of Daguerre, I have obtained an image of clouds in four seconds."

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Society of British Architects	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Microscopical Society	Eight.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—ANCIENT MASTERS.
(Concluding Notice.)

WE promised to be concise, and have been as garrulous as crickets. Let us, if possible, restrain ourselves on the modern department of this Collection. Several portraits by Reynolds are all meritorious, but none superlative: 'Sterne' is excellent and interesting. How the intellectuality of the original at once distinguishes his likeness among those of the titled non-entities around him, whose minds were as white as their faces! unmarked by meditative lines, no "books where men may read strange things," but faces which "present us with a universal blank"! This portrait was painted not much later than the 'Lord Ligonier' of our National Gallery, yet seems a full decad in improvement beyond that leathern production, 'Lord Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton, and Colonel Barre,' a treble portrait, is somewhat of a caricature, the usual resource of painters where they cannot reach expression; but it flames with rich colour. The gorgeous robe of 'Mrs. Kennedy' (No. 98), has survived her face, which, perhaps, never was very vivacious. 'Kitty Fisher' (No. 117,) must have been a sweet portrait, and had all the charm that belongs to her name; the pensive, fine-formed face interests us still; but its bloom is almost flown, and its ani-

mation altogether; she is dead, poor soul! on the canvas as in her coffin, and her dress—the better part of too many a fair one—her dress is dead too! Alas, poor Kitty!—Cartouche' (No. 86), armed with spear and shield, with which he had as much to do as one of Perugino's Seraphim with a fiddlestick and fiddle; an imbrogio of splendid colours, an admirable study. 'Mrs. Tollemache in the character of Miranda' (No. 78), Sir Joshua's highest effort here: its general tone a rich cream-colour, with little of that eternal blazoner—red—so much relied upon by the English school for splendid effect, like a *fanfare* of trumpets in an orchestra, whenever the music wants real grandeur. Miranda has some little right to complain of being idealized into a mere fashionable lady, but Caliban should call down

As wicked dew as e'er his mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,

to blister the work that represents him such a ninny of a monster, defrauding the poor wretch out of his single, lawful, claim upon our respect—his terrific yet picturesque brutishness. 'Lady Jane Halliday' (No. 76), similar to Mrs. Tollemache, or, indeed, superior. Odd enough that Reynolds should be more poetical when he depended on his own rather prosaic genius, than when he allied himself with the greatest of all poets—Shakespeare!

Hogarth's most indifferent works are interesting; his only good production now before us is still but second-rate—'The Distressed Poet' (No. 85). It exhibits little artistic merit—even less had sufficed. True, we should prefer such fine colouring and handling as may be found in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' yet we rest satisfied with the careless sketch-work here. Hogarth's wealth of mind overwhelms his mechanism so much, that we hardly recollect the latter exists even when most eminent. Our readers are, no doubt, familiar with his Grub Street poetaster from engravings, which, if done by his own hand, equal or surpass the original picture. We would direct attention to one sole point—the marvellous tact and knowledge of character that hit off this precise type of an impossible poet—neither a fool, nor madman, nor dreamer, nor dunce, for he has a quick eye, and a vulgar worldliness about him,—but of a brain-squeezing versifier, resolved

In spite

Of nature and his stars to write,

when perhaps, had vanity not misled him, he would have made a skilful wig-maker or weaver of anything except rhymes.

No. 75, 'View on the banks of the Dee,' by Wilson. Like a view on the banks of some river in the Sun (which certain astronomers hold to be a massier Earth), for its atmosphere seems almost too splendid: the whole scene is not steeped, but drenched in sunlight. Shower-baths of it might be wrung from the foliage, or precipitated, like golden rain, from the air, by a proper chemical decomposer. Well may the Dee be called "Wizard stream," if it present such enchanting scenery as this, or even suggest it! Genius, after all, can build an El Dorado out of micaceous schist, and by a fine calenture of the brain convert a sandy desert into an oasis.

There are no other remarkable Wilsons here, nor is there one first-rate Gainsborough landscape; all, however, will repay any outlay of eyesight the reflective visitor expends upon them. A beautiful group of 'Cottage Children' (No. 102), by this last-mentioned artist, has the rare luck to be finished as a complete picture, instead of left when little more than a sketch. Here also we observed a pretty 'Garden-Scene' (No. 113), by Lancret, a quasi Watteau, and perhaps it would have been catalogued as an absolute Watteau, but for the warning blunder between these two painters, committed not long since at the National Gallery. 'A Land-storm' by Morland (No. 130), is almost sublime; the fierce thunder-flash behind, like a white-squall (as seamen name it), spreads that pallid tinge over nature which is so true and so impressive. We tremble for the Worthy Farmers who are stretching homeward on their dobbins, at the pace of Tam O'Shanter from a storm of hell-fire. *Lantherburg's* 'Fire of London,' seen under an arch of Old London Bridge, has the usual merit of his pictures, always very clever, and close to the bounding-line between excellence and mediocrity, but by ill chance on the wrong side of it.

Stothard, the gracefulest, and, with one exception,

the most humorous of English painters, is seen here in all the diversity of his talents and sameness of his manner. Imperfect executive power always entails mannered execution: the artist can only bring out his ideas after one monotonous fashion, which by practice grows into a *knack*, but never rises to a style. Here are six dozen productions, all as like each other as six dozen eggs, or at least only differing as hen-eggs do from duck-eggs: so crude, too, that though half of them are professed pictures, almost all have the air, more or less, of sketches. This latter fault may be laid generally, if not particularly nor equally, to the whole English school. They pretend it is a merit—freedom, or fine effect: it is the offspring of impotence begotten upon indolence; Salvator Rosa has a style, we submit, free and effective as need be, yet he never slammed off his pictures, nor "slubbed the business" at this slipshod rate. If indeed we must choose between over-laboured minuteness and loose-handed vagueness, of all loves let us have the flammein style rather than the finical. But why either? why should easel-pictures resemble scene-painting in little, or miniature-painting magnified? The proof of real power is freedom, effect, and finish combined. Such was the power of Michaelangelo and Raffael.

We could pour out, as usual, an avalanche of blackest ink against the dash-away English system: we can scarce restrain the outburst when we see genius like Stothard's all but strangled by its endeavors to struggle into life through that system, that parent of pictorial abortions, and never able to develop its potentialities in their full possible dimensions. However, we must repress our noble rage, and shall only vent a few special critiques. 'The Pilgrimage to Canterbury' is known at Pekin: it seems painted, like most of its companions, for the engraver, not the private collector, being sketchy and slight, the colours little more than patches or washes, to say—here should come a black doublet, here a yellow skirt, &c. With the raciest humour and strong individualizing power, exhibited throughout the cavalcade, admirers of both will regret to observe them often misspent or misapplied, from negligence, wrong conception, or pure ignorance of the subject. Stothard must either have read Chaucer but little, or to little purpose. He makes the 'Coke,' for instance, despite his author's repeated masculine article, a woman: the bony, brawny, door-breaking Miller, he makes a swain heap of pulp, humped from feebleness, unwieldy from over-fatness, who drowns upon the baggage he cannot raise. But the worst misrepresentation of all is the 'Wife of Bath,' depicted as a graceful young coquette, when the original was the widow of five husbands, had been thrice to Jerusalem, and says in plain terms,

"But age alas! that all wol envenime,

But he herd my beautes and my pith,

Let go, farewell, the devil go therewith!

The flour is gone, there n'is no more to tell!"

Chaucer's rich-savoured, strong-featured, characteristic delineation of the time-worn but still wishful widow, comfortable yet disconsolate, dwelling on her past pleasures, proud of her present advantages,—is sacrificed to a pretty side-saddle air, and a bloom that might beset a regiment of equestrian beauties, one as well as another. We do not coil ourselves about these opinions we have brought forth, with any venomous satisfaction, like a serpent fondling its eggs; we do not want them to hear on our above doctrine: Stothard had executive skill enough for the Pilgrimage, had he studied or understood his subject sufficiently. The young *Squire* and the *Frankelien* and *Madame Eglantine* (were she a thought handsomer and less affected) are admirable. In composition the work is also very good, though many of the characters are lost. We cannot praise the 'Shakespeare Characters,' nor parodyize the large 'Bacchanalian Dance' (No. 151), but many of the Grove Scenes (e. g. No. 166) abound with romantic inspiration, many of the groups with gracefulest attitudes, many of the sketches with brilliant colours

• "Well coude he knowe a draught of London ale:

He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frye," &c.

† Since the above was printed we recollect to have seen some years ago at Mr. Miles's residence near Bristol another 'Pilgrimage,' the original original we believe, from which Stothard himself made this copy for Mr. Bodington. On consulting our notes taken then and there, we find they are nearly equivalent to our present remarks, with the one additional and material item—"ruined."

and beautiful suggestions. Still we always and almost everywhere regret the absence of *expressing power*,—in other words, draughtsmanship. Yet not "always": no creature ever faints so helplessly as the dear "disastered wretch," No. 173. We do from the bottom of our soul feel for the mortified Belle; we enter into the full hardship of her case; outdoors in the paraphernalia of fashion by a proud, triumphant, cool rival! Was there ever such, &c.?—But time presses; as tragedy-queens say, we can no more.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Charles Kean and Miss Ellen Tree have stepped from 'Macbeth' to 'Romeo and Juliet,' in their progress through Shakespeare; and, the approbation of the audience confirming the arrangements of the manager, they are likely to tarry awhile in these parts. Mr. Kean is *Romeo Furioso*; he makes love to Juliet as if he would carry the balcony by storm, and discharges his vows like volleys shot from the deadly level of a gun; pines in her absence like a baffled conspirator, and despatches *Tybal* and *Paris* with the promptitude of a bravo. Miss Tree, on the other hand, as *Juliet*, continually excites surprise, that so mature and discreet a lady should be carried away by a sudden and violent passion. Mr. Wallack gave a coarse tone of exaggeration to the levity of *Mercutio*, with which all the other performers' efforts accorded; excepting the *Apothecary* of Mr. Webster, which had only a touch or two of over-elaboration. The tragedy has been got up with a creditable endeavour to attain elegance and propriety, which would have been more successful if less had been attempted. To crowd so confined a space with buildings and people, is not the way to overcome the smallness of the stage. Mr. Macready and Miss Helen Faucit are playing in Sir Edward Bulwer's comedies on the alternate nights, that Mr. Kean and Miss Tree appear in the tragedies of Shakespeare. Popular as 'Money' and the 'Lady of Lyons' are, there is yet room for some novelty.

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Saltin' Meat.—The method for which a patent has been lately taken out by Mr. Payne, is thus described.—The meat to be salted is placed within a strong iron vessel, which is closed in an air-tight manner, and the air exhausted from it by means of an air-pump; a communication is then opened with a brine vessel, whence the brine flows into the receiver, until it is about half filled; the air-pump is then again worked to draw off every particle of air from the meat, &c. The brine is then permitted to fill the receiver, and a farther quantity is injected by means of a common forcing-pump, the pressure being regulated by a safety-valve loaded with about 100 or 150 lb. upon the square inch. After remaining under this pressure for about fifteen minutes, the meat is cured, and may be taken out of the receiver.

Myrtle a Substitute for Sumac.—M. Colançon has substituted, it is said, with success, the myrtle leaves dried in a stove and powdered, as an application in the arts for the sumac of Sicily.

Extraordinary Phenomenon at Derby.—On Thursday week, during a heavy thunder-storm, the rain poured down in torrents mixed with half-melted ice, and, incredible as it may appear, hundreds of small fishes and frogs in great abundance descended with the torrents of rain. The fish were from half an inch to two inches long, and a few considerably larger, one weighing three ounces; some of the fish have very hard pointed spikes on their backs, and are commonly called *suttle-backs*. Many were picked up alive. The frogs were from the size of a horse-bean to that of a garden-bean; numbers of them came down alive, and jumped away as fast as they could, but the bulk were killed by the fall on the hard pavement. We have seen some alive to-day, which appear to enjoy themselves, in a glass with water and leaves in it.—*Sheffield Patriot*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. G.—W. C.—Lines on the Death of Wilkie, received.—How are we to reply to "An Old Subscriber"? We have many thousands of "old subscribers"—and twenty at least write to us every month. So of "Constant Readers."—one who dates from York Road had better apply to the Secretary of the Society.—"A Barrister" is right; the announcement did appear in the *Athenæum*, but we have not heard of the arrival of the statue, and wait therefore for better information, before we put our trust in the traveller's story.

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